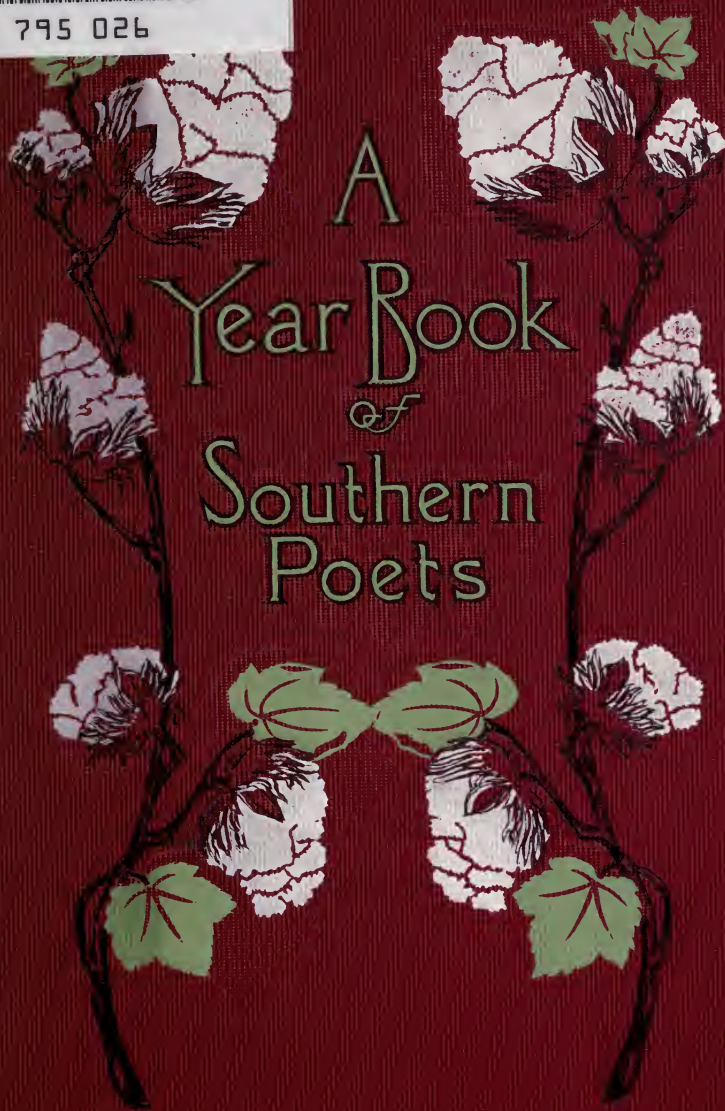


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A
Year Book
&
Southern
Poets



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This very slight remembrance to my
loyal good friend Eugene, with
the hope it may serve to recall
some days very pleasantly spent.

I shall feel an hundred times repaid
for the very slight effort I have made
if it helps to pass an idle hour
that might otherwise be dull.

Frank R. Hall

Aug. the second
A. D. 1910.

A
YEAR BOOK
OF
SOUTHERN POETS

By
HARRIET P. LYNCH



NEW YORK
DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
214-220 East 23d Street

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[Southern Poets]

NOTE

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A YEAR BOOK *of* SOUTHERN POETS

January first

Toss your green plumes, ye pine-covered mountains,
Revel in gladness, thou beautiful earth;
Sprinkle your silver, ye bright rippling fountains,
A year from the midnight has taken its birth.

Carter W. Wormeley ("Hymn to the New Year").

January second

Oh! bright New Year, with snow-white train,
Oh! glad New Year, you've come again:
Covering the earth, its every stain,
With snow-white train from mount to main—
 May good live on in you,
 The beautiful and true!

Margaret I. Weber ("The Old and the New").

A Year Book of

January third

A wind moved through the night
 On wings that shiver—
On icy wings through pearly chill moonlight,
Beyond the stars that glisten weirdly bright,
 Away forever.
On icy wings that shed the downy snows
 The spirit flees,
Bearing away to the vale where Lethe flows
The vanished year red with a myriad woes,
 Leaving us peace.

And unto Thee, whose love will bid the snows
 To melt, and cleanse the earth of gore,
O Prince of Peace, we pray that Sharon's rose
May in the valleys of our hearts repose
 Untrampled evermore.

J. H. Booton ("New Year Nocturne").

Southern Poets

January fourth

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If, in my fear of lapse or fall,
Close I have clung to Christ through all,
Mindless how rough the road might lie,
Sure He will smoothen it by-and-by.

Margaret J. Preston ("By-and-By").

January fifth

Thou in the Mystic Hours, will see the Veil
Rent, and the solemn beauty that appears,
Eternity, so idle with her years,
The ancient loveliness that grows not pale.

A. H. Rutledge ("The Solace of the Hours").

A Year Book of

January sixth

The robin laughed in the orange tree:
Ho, windy North, a fig for thee:
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me
—Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

Sidney Lanier ("Tampa Robins").

January seventh

Around me, on the battle fields of life,
I see men fight and fail and crouch in prayer;
Aloft I stand unfettered, for I know
The freedom of despair.

Ellen Glasgow ("The Freeman").

January eighth

For I know not why, when I tell my thought,
It seems as though I fling it away;
And the charm wherewith a fancy is fraught,
When secret, dies with the fleeting lay
Into which it is wrought.

Henry Timrod ("Why Silent").

Southern Poets

January ninth

And I saw night
Digging the grave of day;
And day took off her golden crown,
And flung it sorrowfully down.

Father Ryan ("Reverie").

January tenth

So on I press up that steep slope
Behind whose brow that sun is setting;
I walk with Faith and not with Hope,
Despairing not and not forgetting.

Barton Gray ("The Crown Unwon").

January eleventh

In dreams, in dreams we part not. The day dawn and
the morrow
May take you; but each morning with the dreamer's
vision gleams.
You are mine when night recalls you, with your young
heart free from sorrow,
In dreams.

Armistead C. Gordon ("In Dreams").

A Year Book of

January twelfth

One heaven above ;
But many a heaven below
The dewdrops show—
God's tenderness
Subdued in every teardrop to express
The whole of Love.

John B. Tabb ("All in All").

January thirteenth

I place my hand upon my cheek—
And sitting thus, whole hours, all mute,
Feeding on thoughts too rich to speak,
I hear the ever rushing wings
Of the many cloudy things
Which are my brain's imaginings.

Philip P. Cooke ("Lines").

Southern Poets

January fourteenth

The hills! We love the hills.
Their heads are nearest Heaven,
Their sides to morn and even!
There is a joy that fills
Their anthem to the day
There is a peace that fills
The requiem of hills
To the light that dies away.
'Tis more than song or wine
To see their summits shine,
Through twilight's purple wine,
Like islands of the blest,
In the ocean of their rest.

Frank O. Ticknor ("The Hills").

January fifteenth

The chosen spirit on its forward march,
Armed with just courage that makes great its cause,
Stands mightier than the force of common laws,
And grows beneath the heaven's dread favoring arch,
Into an eminent statue like a God.

William G. Simms ("Hannibal").

A Year Book of

January sixteenth

Across insensate space, where'er thou art,
My being's current sets, and swiftly flies,
Fond impulse of my inmost soul and heart—
Thou'lt know, e'en beyond the seas and skies.

Annah R. Watson ("Telepathy").

January seventeenth

From the last kiss of the sun upon the mountains,
From the far spaces where the wings of night unfurl,
Stream up the skies like the gleam of many fountains
Sprayings of jasper and amethyst and pearl
Until far up they blend into one golden
Sea, past whose waters if a man once trod,
He should see surely splendors but beholden
Only in the city of the Saints of God.

James Lindsay Gordon ("A Virginia Sunset").

Southern Poets

January eighteenth

Hark! to mine a voice is calling,
Sweet as tropic winds at night,
Gently dying, faintly falling,
From some marvelous mystic height,
Troubled thought's unhallowed riot
By its wandering glamor kissed,
Feels a charm of sacred quiet
Fold it like enchanted mist.

Paul H. Hayne ("The Realm of Bliss").

January nineteenth

Truth walked beside him always,
From his childhood's early years,
Honor followed as his shadow,
Valor lightened all his cares:
And he rode—that grand Virginian—
Last of all the Cavaliers!

James B. Hope ("The Lee Memorial Ode").

A Year Book of

January twentieth

He had slipped from the paths of duty
In the dewy bright light of the morn;
He had culled him the primrose of beauty
To embed in his bosom a thorn.
And his dawning came on with a sadness,
And his morning lay shadowed in blame,
For the birthright of sorrow is madness,
And the wage of the sinner is shame.

Carter W. Wormeley ("Waters of Marah").

January twenty-first

And all was calm and still again,
So still—the place might seem to be
The grave of sound.

Anon ("The Fountain of Oblivion").

Southern Poets

January twenty-second

Brave and self-centered in the peace of God
Is that true soul who calmly dares withstand
The cruel frenzy of the populace,
And in the hot red mouths of hostile guns,
And in the shining teeth of million swords,
And in the scornful faces of fierce men,
Lifts high in hand the heaven-bright cross of Christ,
And meekly pleads for brotherhood and love.

William H. Holcombe ("The Peacemaker").

January twenty-third

Yes! what is childhood
But after all a sort of golden daylight,
A beautiful and blessed wealth of sunshine.

Henry Timrod ("Dramatic Fragment").

A Year Book of

January twenty-fourth

He dwelt in clear white purity apart,
Yet walked the world; through many a sufferer's door
He shone like morning; comfort streamed before
His footsteps; on the feeble and the poor

He lavished the rich spikenard of his heart.

Paul H. Hayne ("On the Death of Canon Kingsley").

January twenty-fifth

Teach us to pray! for oh! the earth-born soul
Knows little of its needs; and the grand goal
To which we know life hastes seems far away;
And in the journey, stumbling day by day,
We need our Father's guidance to control.

Robert Whittet ("A Rondeau").

Southern Poets

January twenty-sixth

Youth, thou shalt sip at my brimming bowl!
The glances of beauty shall gladden thy soul!
Where the roses bloom shall thy pathway be,
And my smile shall enliven thy revelry;
But mark me, youth! when thy days are o'er
The favor of Pleasure shall greet thee no more.

Thomas Semmes ("The Song of Pleasure").

January twenty-seventh

The fire-fly lights the night
A moment and then dies;
The lilacs pine for light,
With sweet and odorous sighs:
So Hope's deceitful beam
Illumines my despair,
While still I sigh and dream,
With many a sobbing prayer,
Lady, lady, list!
List and smile!

James A. Bartley ("Serenade").

A Year Book of

January twenty-eighth

We know, O Lord, so little what is best.
Wingless, we move so lowly.
But in Thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy—

John C. McNeill ("Sundown").

January twenty-ninth

Away with thee, Light! thou "effluence bright!"
Make room for my ebon car,
When it wheels on its track with its hangings of black,
I curtain the Moon and the Star:
I love to go forth, with the storms of the North,
To follow the hurricane's sweep,
When the ships mounting high, ride up to the sky!
Then down to the fathomless deep.

Carter Landon ("Darkness").

Southern Poets

January thirtieth

Like serf beneath a king,
Under the weight of woman's tyranny
I bow!

Anon. ("The Surrender").

January thirty-first

My Mother, when of thee I think, or speak,
So perfect is my love,
The energy of language is too weak,
Its wondrous height and depth to fully prove,—
Words fail as dies the taper in the blast ;
'Tis known to Him above,
With whom we hope to live when death's dark gulf is
past.

Mary G. Buchanan ("To My Mother").

A Year Book of

February first

In truth that falsehood cannot span,
In the majestic march of Laws,
That weed and flower and worm and man
Result from one Supernal Cause,
In doubts that dare and faiths that cleave,
Lord, I believe.

Ellen Glasgow ("A Creed").

February second

The God who gave
To the birds the virgin-wings of snow
Somehow telleth them the way they go.

Father Ryan ("Sea Dreamings").

Southern Poets

February third

As sometimes from the meanest spot of earth
A sudden beauty unexpected starts,
So you shall find some germ of hidden worth
 Within the vilest hearts.

Henry Timrod ("Address").

February fourth

And inasmuch as thou hast brought
Thy draught of water, deemed so small ;
And inasmuch as at my call
Thou didst the work thou hadst not sought,—
As double deeds, wrought and unwrought,
I needing none, accept them all.

Margaret J. Preston ("Inasmuch").

A Year Book of

February fifth

The dark hath many dear avails;
The dark distils divinest dews;
The dark is rich with nightingales,
With dreams and with the heavenly Muse.

Sidney Lanier ("Opposition").

February sixth

I can't allow my picture took
De way you wants to draw—
A-leavin' off my freedom-look
For fashion 'fore the war.

No, Lord! my picture can't be caught
By man wid no sich manners;
Dat's 'zactly why de war was fought—
To end dem same bandannas!

Howard Weeden ("Aunt Judy and the Painter").

Southern Poets

February seventh

In our aim
Lies all the difference betwixt pride and shame.
William G. Simms ("Sonnet").

February eighth

There is little in life but labor,
And to-morrow may find that a dream;
Success is the bride of Endeavor,
And luck—but a meteor's gleam.
J. Trotwood Moore ("Success").

February ninth

And ever sweet thoughts without words
The shadow of old memories,
Rise up and float away as birds
Float down the skies.
Carlyle McKinley ("Sapelo").

A Year Book of

February tenth

'Tis a pleasant thought at eventide,
When a glory looks down on our prayers,
That we have not mocked in the days of our pride
The meanest pilgrim whose dust may hide
 "An angel unawares!"
And a beautiful hope, as the night unrolls
Her raiment of rest serene,
That we are nearer the beautiful souls
That our souls have never seen.

Frank O. Ticknor ("In Mamre").

February eleventh

What myriad millions of the human race,
Formed in the mould and likeness of their God,
Live like the soulless rocks beneath their feet.

Hu Maxwell ("The Sea-Girt Isle").

Southern Poets

February twelfth

It's O, for the music of lark and thrush
And the wandering waters' flow,—
It's O, for the shaded summer lanes
Where the sweet shy violets grow!
My heart is yearning to find again
The ways that my boyhood trod;
To know just a little less of men,
And a little more of God.

James Lindsay Gordon ("Longing").

February thirteenth

All that thou art not makes not up the sum
Of what thou art, beloved, unto me:
All other voices, wanting thine, are dumb;
All visions in thine absence, vacancy.

John B. Tabb ("A Remonstrance").

A Year Book of

February fourteenth

'Tis wooing time! I listen,
With ear to the sensitive mould
To learn if his coming footsteps
The earth to the moss hath told.
'Tis loving time! I am waiting;
There's a spell in the air like wine—
Ah! heart a herald is crying
“He cometh—thy valentine!”

Annah R. Watson (“Wooing Time”).

February fifteenth

Perhaps in us the darkness lies
That seems to veil the world without;
Perhaps our evils cause our doubts,
And false opinions blind our eyes.

William H. Holcombe (“Perhaps in Us”).

Southern Poets

February sixteenth

Contented with little, suspicious of riches,
He jingled the very small coin in his breeches,
And squandered his substance 'gainst precept and rule
With the heart of a king and the brains of a fool.

Carter W. Wormeley ("Lines to an Intimate Friend").

February seventeenth

Month after month I followed my quest.

A bud from her bosom, a smile from her lips,
Would fill my heart with a vague unrest,—

Or a touch of her finger-tips;

Yet no matter the time, no matter the place,

Where roses blossomed, where leaves turned yellow,
She'd leave me alone with a smile on her face

At a word from that other fellow.

Armistead C. Gordon ("Toujours Jamais").

A Year Book of

February eighteenth

Forget thee? No never! the ocean may cease
Its wild beating dirges, and roll on in peace;
The winds hush their murmurs, the stars cease to shine,
The jewel to sparkle when struck from the mine.

John C. McCabe ("Forget Thee? No Never!").

February nineteenth

A murmur from the sea,
A faint and dying strain,
Takes, as the night-winds flee,
Their parting moan again;
And the twin voices link
Their pinions from the shore,
Flutter with plaining on the brink
Then on the sands subside, and sink
To sleep once more!

William G. Simms ("Night Scene—How Still is Nature Now!")

Southern Poets

February twentieth

Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret.

Henry Timrod ("The Cotton Boll").

February twenty-first

God and our consciences alone
Give us measure of right and wrong;
The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong:
But the truth will shine in history
And blossom into song.

James B. Hope ("The Lee Memorial Ode").

A Year Book of

February twenty-second

Bright natal morn! what face appears
Beyond the rolling mist of years?—
A face whose loftiest traits combine
All virtues of a stainless line
 Passed from leal sire to loyal son;
The face of him whose steadfast zeal
 Drew harmonies of law and right
 From chaos and anarchistic night:
 Wrought from rude hoards of turbulent states
The grandeur of our commonweal:
 All hail! all hail! to Washington!

Paul H. Hayne ("Washington").

February twenty-third

Then I said to myself in my sleep,
 How lovely is all that I see!
I shall never have reason to weep,
 For the world is a garden to me.
But an angel came down from the skies,
 And claimed me at once as her own;
Fair truth shed her light on my eyes,
 And the shades of illusion are flown.

William Maxwell ("The Revery").

Southern Poets

February twenty-fourth

'Tis not the clashing of storm-clouds
That opes the sweets of the flower,
But the silent strength of the sunbeam
That blossoms in wealth the bower;
The fervor and force of true manhood
Will make the many to quail,
And sympathy
Of great degree
Will win, where fury will fail.

Josie F. Cappleman ("The Strongest Bond of All").

February twenty-fifth

There was but one I ever wished to guide
Over the chasm or up the mountain side,
And pipe to on the meadows green and wide,
From shady nook.
Oh, Thou Good Shepherd! seek her in the path
That many a pitfall, many a sorrow hath;
On her bewildered head let not Thy wrath
Eternal break.

James Lane Allen ("The Wanderer").

A Year Book of

February twenty-sixth

Oh! may thy life be ever bright,
As aught my early dreams have framed,
And not a shadow dim its light,
Till heaven, in mercy, shall have claim'd
Thee, as a being fit for naught
That earth can boast, all sorrow-fraught
As are its brightest visions. May
Thy life be one long dream of love,
Unbroken 'till the final day,
When heaven shall waft thy soul above,
And crown thee, as an angel there,
Who wast indeed an angel here.

A. B. Meek ("To a Young Lady").

February twenty-seventh

In Faith's clear firmament afar—
To Unbelief a stranger—
Forever glows the golden star
That stood above the manger.

Theophilus H. Hill ("The Star Above the Manger").

Southern Poets

February twenty-eighth

Oh! Love is like a river-flood,
That rolls and pauses never—
An ocean-tide that bears us on
Forever and forever.

James A. Bartley ("Love").

March first

The winds are loud and trumpet clear to-day ;
They seem to sound an onset half in ire,
Half in the wildness of a vague desire
To force spring's fairy vanguards to delay ;
For here methinks worn winter stands at bay—
Yet stands how vainly! springtime's subtlest fire
Melts his cold heart to nothingness, while nigher
Draw April's hosts, and rearward powers of May.

Paul H. Hayne ("Sonnet").

A Year Book of

March second

There's beauty in the morning's blush
That scatters mist and gloom;
There's beauty in the soft pale light
Of the silvery summer moon;
Yet doth the sympathizing heart
A dearer light to life impart.

Anna Venable Koiner ("Soul Beauty").

March third

The man with little love shall find
But little loving in mankind.

Frank O. Ticknor ("Diogenes").

March fourth

Out of night-lands, a wind
Awakens a wave:—spent are the tranquil charms,
Yet the dim stars are driven till they find
Rest in each other's arms.

A. H. Rutledge ("Shadow-Stars").

Southern Poets

March fifth

Do you know the land, the fairest land
In the mythical realm of old?
Where the earth and the air, and the flowers rare
All sleep 'neath a sun of gold?
Where the elf king's bugle in winding note
Drowns the dreamy drum in the black bee's throat,
And the fairy queen floats in a peach-bloom boat?
And the fireflies dance where the lily maids meet
And the flowers are dreams that lie at your feet
In the summer of Long Ago.

John Trotwood Moore ("In the Summer of Long Ago").

March sixth

And sweeping onward through the dark,
Bursts like a call the night-wind from the woods!
Low bow the flowers, the trees fling loose their dreams,
And through the waving roof a fresher moonlight
streams.

Henry Timrod ("A Vision of Poesy").

A Year Book of

March seventh

Give Fancy freedom, freedom to-night!

Let her soar up in the face of the stars!

What's the soul-virtue, if never, in flight,

We fling off our sense of the earth with its bars?

The spirit that clings to its fetters of clay,

Whose eyes never lift in a prayer for a wing,

Hath no pinions of soul which shall bear it away

To that realm of delight,

Which is born of the flight,

Where the very soul-soaring compels it to sing.

William G. Simms ("Volans Video").

March eighth

I hear the surf beat on the sands,

And murmurous voices from the sea;

The wanton waves toss their white hands

And beckon me.

Carlyle McKinley ("Sapelo").

Southern Poets

March ninth

We now can see the dawn of better days:
Look at the South from shore to shore,
Her night of darkness almost gone.
The master, who the thralldom felt far more
Than slave, is now more free than e'er before.
Untrammled men and women will aspire,
With minds and hearts and souls set free,
To soar to heights unknown, and ardently desire,
With every height attained, the strength to go still
higher.

Margaret I. Weber ("Lines").

March tenth

Long ago, when life was younger, and life's burden cast
no shadow,
When the gladness of existence had a summer fountain's flow,
Side by side we trod dim woodlands, river bank, or
haunted meadow,
Long ago.

Armistead C. Gordon ("Long Ago").

A Year Book of

March eleventh

Dust of a plain ground into red
By armies of majestic dead.
Gaunt shadows on the changeless sky,
A flock of vultures swarming nigh,
'Mid ashes where a hearth hath stood,
Children that cry aloud for food.
Where green the peaceful highways run,
A woman ravished in the sun.
And far across the reeking sod
A nation sounding thanks to God.

Ellen Glasgow ("War").

March twelfth

"Unc' Si, de Holy Bible say,
In speaking ob de jus',
Dat he do fall seben times a day;
Now how's de sinner wuss?"

"Well, chile, de slip may come to all,
But den de diff'ence foller;
For, if you watch him when he fall,
De jus' man do not waller."

John B. Tabb ("The Difference").

Southern Poets

March thirteenth

No luring forms of polished art
Would serve alone our thoughts to call
From him beneath; — a nation's heart
Is proudest monument of all.
Seek ye mementoes more? Look around:
Behold, throughout the land they're found.

J. E. Snodgrass ("The Patriot's Chosen Sepulchre").

March fourteenth

How calm was that hour! as calm as if Death
Had reigned o'er the land and the sea—
For the dash of each wave, and moan of each breath
Spoke but of repose unto me.
The green earth around me was yet smiling on,
Thought's luminous spirit had fled,—
And soft from the sky the evening-star shone,
Like the hope that remains for the dead!

Anon. ("Stanzas").

A Year Book of

March fifteenth

Out of this woven web of sound
 Grow clear within sight and reach
Glad aspirations and gladder dreams
 That never before found speech ;
And life seems sweeter and faith completer—
 Wide open Love's portal stands,
And we walk therethrough while the violin sings
 To the touch of a master's hands.

James Lindsay Gordon ("The Violin Player").

March sixteenth

The bluebird flits, and coos the ring-dove tender
 Amid the young green leaves ;
Mansions of mist and silver, white and slender,
 The shy wood-spider weaves ;
Swingth the swallow to his old home under
 The unforgotten eaves:

Frank O. Ticknor ("A Spring Morning").

Southern Poets

March seventeenth

The army of heroes in the future that sleeps—
Abiding its time while liberty weeps—
Shall wake with a shout, the shout of the free,
Whose echoes shall roll far over the sea;
As the lava that rolls from a mountain of fire—
Thy children aroused shall come forth in their ire;
And the tyrant shall feel for his head and his crown;
When freemen look up the despots go down,
And the cloud that has hung o'er the land of our hope
Will scatter like mist when the morning doth ope.

Samuel H. Newberry ("Ireland").

A Year Book of

March eighteenth

I shall not leave thee utterly behind,
World of the bright blue wave and tossing foam!
Thy spirit shall go with me, like a wind,
To the green stillness of my upland home—
Shall whisper, morn and evening, to my ear
The mysteries and the splendors of the deep,
Nor leave me in the dreadful dark of sleep;
For when I start, dream-haunted, cold with fear,
The voices and the thunderings and the powers,
Heard in no temple man hath ever trod,
Shall close around me in melodious showers,
And lull my soul to perfect rest in God.

William H. Holcombe ("Farewell, O Sea!")

Southern Poets

March nineteenth

Judge not, God did not fashion man
That thou should'st criticise His plan ;
Nor is it meet that work of God
Should'st pass beneath thy chastening rod ;
Wreck not thy soul upon the spot
Within thy brother's eye—

Judge not.

Carter W. Wormeley ("Judge Not").

March twentieth

There is no bourne beyond the reach
Of sorrow ; no soul lives and bides
So far but she will visit each ;
Through every fortress wall she glides,
In every creature's life she hides.
There is not need that art should teach,
For sorrow knoweth sorrow's speech.

Robert Burns Wilson ("My Soul She Hath Great Care for Me").

A Year Book of

March twenty-first

As the sparkling waters run
Through shady wood and sunny valley,
Singing in a quiet tone,
Singing ever musically
Down unto the restless sea—
Where the sounding billows pour
Singing on the lonely shore—
Thus thou singest unto me
Evermore.

Susan A. Talley ("The Spirit of Poesy").

March twenty-second

Oh human grandeur! fleeting as the beam
That lights the vision of the poet's soul;
Oh human glory! passing like the stream
Whose courser-swiftness never brooks control.

John C. McCabe ("The Pilgrim Amid the Ruins of Rome").

Southern Poets

March twenty-third

Oh! Thou who fling'st so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hill untrod—
Those mountain-pillars of the globe
Whose peaks sustain Thy throne, oh God!
All glittering round the sunset skies
Their fleecy wings are lightly furled,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world;
There, where, the evening star upholds,
In one bright spot, their purple folds,
My spirit lifts its silent prayer;
For Thou, oh God of love, art there.

Amelia Welby ("The Presence of God").

March twenty-fourth

The statesman gazing yet with doubts and fears
Up the dim vista of the coming years—
The man of science looking out afar
Into the welkin for an unknown star—
These are our patriots—and no work they wrought
Has ever yet been perfected for nought.

John R. Thompson ("Patriotism").

A Year Book of

March twenty-fifth

Love alone can bestow
Such bliss here below
As angels in heaven must feel.
The rapture and thrill
Of a love-conquered will
Can never be found in the Real.

Duval Porter ("The Refuge").

March twenty-sixth

The mountains! the mountains! they lift their soul on
high,
And fill the mind with thoughts sublime of vast infinity,
Frowning and massive as they stand, wide-spreading all
abroad,
They show the strong majestic hand of their Creator—
God!

S. H. Dickson ("The Mountains").

Southern Poets

March twenty-seventh

Once I knew a silver tone,
Sweeter than an angel's hymn,—
It from earth methought had flown,—
Flown to join the Seraphim!—
But thy voice recalled the spell,—
Melody unknown above!—
On my heart its influence fell,
And all was music,—all was love!

A. B. Meek ("Long in Sorrow's Gloomy Night").

March twenty-eighth

Peace, like a presence, reigns
O'er all the hills infold; the dwellers in
God's vast and silent plains
Hear His still voice, unbroken by the din
Of echoing steps that beat,
Like pattering rain, the city's crowded streets.

David R. Arnell ("Rural Hymn").

March twenty-ninth

How sweet the feeling that enshrouds the heart
Whene'er doth softly fall the voice of Hope!

Josie F. Cappleman ("Hope").

A Year Book of

March thirtieth

I love thee, oh! I love thee,
As the sweet bee loves the flower,
As the swallow loves the summer,
And the humming-bird the bower;
As the petrel loves the ocean,
As the nightingale the night;
I love, I love thee, dearest!
Thou being good and bright.

James A. Bartley ("Love Song").

March thirty-first

The soul hath ties in the mountain breeze,
In the charms of a summer sky;
In wandering along 'neath budding trees
By the light of a laughing eye;
Or living in isle of Indian seas,
Where perfumes wanton by.

Thomas Semmes ("Ties").

Southern Poets

April first

Spring with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Henry Timrod ("Spring").

April second

Now Spring is here and all the world is white,
I will go forth, and where the forest robes
Itself in green, and every hill and height
Crowns its fair head with blossoms,—spirit globes
Of hyacinth and crocus dashed with dew,—
I will forget my grief,
And thee, O Sorrow, gazing on the blue,
Beneath a last year's leaf,
Of some brief violet the south wind woos,
Or bluet whence the west winds rake the snows;
The baby eyes of love, the darling hues
Of happiness, that thou canst never know,
O child of pain and woe.

Madison Cawein ("To Sorrow").

A Year Book of

April third

Recalling thee, I come,
To the deep silent hours ;
To a lost land of flowers
My heart returneth home.

A. H. Rutledge ("To Recall").

April fourth

I list to the roar of the rising tide,
As it breaks on the beach in its crested pride.
I drink in the balm of the sunlit breeze,
As it rustles and stirs in the old palm trees.
And oh! my heart, it seems to me,
We've won our peace from the shining sea.

Nannie M. Durant ("Isle of Palms").

Southern Poets

April fifth

And the stars in their beauty were shining above
From the fields of the limitless sky ;
And the zephyrs came whispering whispers of love
As soft as the breath of a sigh.

Hu Maxwell ("Afar").

April sixth

Dusk, and with Hesper,
South wind thou wakest !
With wooing and whisper,
Green leaves thou shakest !
In the hush of the sunset hour,
In the blush of the virgin flower,
In the bright sun flush, in the soft shower,
Sweet South thou wakest !

William G. Simms ("Dusk, and with Hesper").

A Year Book of

April seventh

Soul, could'st thou bare thy breast
As yon red rose, and dare the day,
All clean and large and calm with velvet rest?
Say yea—say yea.

Sidney Lanier ("Rose-Morals").

April eighth

A glorious change has come to pass;
And April sky is overhead;
A glistening emerald tints the grass,
And flowers are rising from the dead.

Blush-tinted petals of the new
Peach-blossoms lend a rosy hue
To fields that widen on the view,
To where—withdrawn into a mist
Of crimson haze and amethyst—
The sky puts off its living blue.

Theophilus H. Hill ("The Sabbath of the Spring").

Southern Poets

April ninth

I know, I know,
Where zephyrs blow,
And the teaming turf upheaves;
Our Mother Earth
Is giving birth
To violets under the leaves.
Silent and shy,
No human eye
Will discover her charm I ween;
The full-blown rose
In secret grows,
And bursts from buds unseen.

Margaret I. Weber ("Carol at Sunset").

April tenth

Not understood, O oft-repeated tale!
Echoing through the dim corridors of time,
Comes back the murmur, the low, plaintive wail,
Borne on yet cursed by life's blighting rime,
Not understood.

Anna Venable Koiner ("Not Understood").

A Year Book of

April eleventh

Last night I wandered in dreamland
In the star-lighted dusk and the dew:
And I met where the sunshine lay whitest
O'er the valleys a vision of you;
Your cold hand was laden with lilies,
On your breasts there were roses and rue;
And your eyes were adroop with a sorrow unspoken
For the dreams that never come true.

James Lindsay Gordon ("For Music").

April twelfth

Ere yet the earliest warbler wakes
Of coming spring to tell,
From every marsh a chorus breaks—
A choir invisible—
As though the blossoms underground
A breath of utterance had found.

John B. Tabb ("Meadow Frogs").

Southern Poets

April thirteenth

The past and future join their happy hands
Across the shining present.

William H. Holcombe ("Listening").

April fourteenth

Come and listen to the cooing and the wooing of the
dove,

As she sighs her plaintive burden through the shady
evening grove,

And the mellow notes go floating
To the sunbeams which are sporting

Far above.

All the drowsy land seems listening
E'en the breezes cease their whistling,

As her tiny throat is glistening

With its love;

And the fleecy clouds go sailing through the sky,

And they listen to her wailing from on high,

And the ripples on the river

Seem in ecstasy to shiver,

As the evening breezes quiver

To her sigh.

Carter W. Wormeley ("The Dove").

A Year Book of

April fifteenth

A mocking-bird on quivering wings
Floats up the woodland ways,
And, glad with me, he soars and sings
Our song of praise.

Carlyle McKinley ("Sapelo").

April sixteenth

The thrush and robin sing their lay,—
The sea-gull soars above the spray,
And distant, o'er the silvery bay
Fleet sails are going.
On every zephyr's breath a strain
Comes, borne from rustling fields of grain;
And out upon the verdant plain
The herds are lowing.

Anon ("Lines to My Father").

Southern Poets

April seventeenth

Come listen—Oh hark! to that soft dying strain
Of my Mocking-bird, up on the housetop again;
She comes every night to these old ruined walls,
Where soft as the moonlight, her melody falls,
Oh, what can the bulbul or nightingale chant,
In the chimes which they love and the groves which they
 haunt,
More thrilling and wild, than the songs I have heard,
In the stillness of night, from my sweet Mocking-bird—
 Carter Landon ("The Mocking Bird").

April eighteenth

For me there is no time, no space, no depth,
 No love, no hate, no passionate despair.
I face my destiny—to what has been
 And will be, I am heir.
 Ellen Glasgow ("The Mountain Pine").

A Year Book of

April nineteenth

Love, in Heaven's tongue, means immortality
Of youth and joy.

Paul H. Hayne ("Frida and Her Poet").

Love to his own self is sometimes coy.

Henry Timrod ("A Southern Winter Night").

April twentieth

A dream in fragrant silence wrought,
A blossoming of petaled thought,
A passion of these April days,—
A blush of Nature now betrays.

John B. Tabb ("Peach Blossom").

April twenty-first

O violets! fling
The breath of spring
With lavish waste along her way;
Roses distil
Your sweets, and spill
Their rareness round her Wedding Day.

Margaret J. Preston ("Her Wedding-Song").

Southern Poets

April twenty-second

Enshrined in laurel rustlings and perfume
Of myrtle and of pine ;
Burning in mystic beauty, half concealed
In odorous dusks that are too sweet for gloom,
Thou, Yellow Jessamine,
By thy own fragrance art revealed.

A. H. Rutledge ("A Jessamine").

April twenty-third

They are all raving mad except you, dear, and me ;
Their dollars bar them out of pleasures that we
Make an every-day part of our lives, yours and mine ;
We ramble afield, and, where glory-vines twine,
We sit ; and the river slips by at our feet,
And your eyes laugh to mine, and I think, dear, how
sweet
The world is and you are, and, dear, I'm so glad
That we see the world right and that we are not mad !

Judd Mortimer Lewis ("Sane").

A Year Book of

April twenty-fourth

A wild flower out of the wild wood,
Too wild for even a name;
As strange and as simple as childhood,
And wayward, yet sweet all the same.

Father Ryan ("Sorrow and the Flowers").

April twenty-fifth

The night has come, and I will glide
O'er sleep's hushed wave the while,
In dreams to wander by thy side
Through that enchanting isle.
For, in the dark, my fancy seems
As full of witching spells
As yon blue sky of starry beams,
Or ocean-depths of shells.

Rose Vertner Johnson ("The Night Has Come").

Southern Poets

April twenty-sixth

Bright are the blossom-tinted hills
In violet and cerulean lights;
Into the vale a luster spills
From fervent heights.

J. H. Boner ("Ballad of an Old Pine").

April twenty-seventh

All Nature woke!—woke with a smile—
As tho' the morning's golden gleam
Had broken some enchanting dream,
But left its soft impression still
On lofty peak and dancing rill.

James B. Hope ("A Story of the Caracas Valley").

A Year Book of

April twenty-eighth

And boyhood is a summer sun
Whose waning is the dreariest one—
For all we live to know is known
And all we seek to keep is flown—
Let life, then, as the day-flower, fall
With the noon-day beauty—which is all.

Edgar Allan Poe ("Tamerlane").

April twenty-ninth

My chile? Lord no, she's none o' mine.
She's des one I have tried
To put in place of Anna Jane—
My little one what died.

As soon as it outgrows my chile
I lets it go right straight—
An' takes another in its place
To match de Heabenly mate.

Howard Weeden ("The Borrowed Child").

Southern Poets

April thirtieth

O, Love, ye are potent on earth,
O, Love, ye are boundless above,
All of rapture we know or we dream
Flows from thee, thou immortal, O, Love.

Josie F. Cappleman ("A June Fancy").

May first

I made my soul a song for her singing,
What time the gloaming was yellow with May,
And the whispering harebells, their curfew ringing,
Swelled the dirge of the dying day;
And out of the depths of the spirit's passion
Love, the great master, touched the keys.

Barton Gray ("Out of the Depths").

A Year Book of

May second

Often from the whispering hills,
Borne from out the golden dusk,—
Gold with gold of daffodils,—
Thrilled into the garden's musk
The wild wail of whippoorwills.

Madison Cawein ("The Farmstead").

May third

The breeze is singing a joy-song
Over the sea to-day ;
The storm is dead and the waves are red
With the flush of the morning's ray.

Father Ryan ("Wrecked").

Southern Poets

May fourth

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead:
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice from an angel thrills clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, pass on to the goal!"

Paul H. Hayne ("Lyric of Action").

May fifth

Lo, the Blossom to the Bee
Yields not more than thou to me—
Food for love to live upon
When the summer days are gone,
Poorer than they came, to find
What was sweetest, left behind.

John B. Tabb ("Memory").

A Year Book of

May sixth

To mountains hoar and russet plain,
A joyous sprite I come again ;
With many a sweet and joyous strain,
And break grim winter's icy chain.

James A. Bartley ("The Song of May").

May seventh

No livelier song was ever heard
Than the notes of the southern Mocking-bird
When leaf and blossom are wet with dew
And the wind breathes low the long night through.
O music for grief! It comes like a song
From a voice in the stars; and all night long
The notes flow. But you must live in the South
Where the clear moon kisses with large, cool mouth
The land she loves, in the secret of night,
To hear such music—the Soul—delight
Of the Moon-Loved Land.

J. H. Boner ("The Moon-Loved Land").

Southern Poets

May eighth

White of the hawthorn, green of the budding tree,
Soft on the air the sorrow of spring;
Glamor of sunlit waters murmuring
Ineffable melodies of the morning sea;
Perfume of violets over lawn and lea
Poignant with memory; golden throats that sing
High up in heaven the golden notes that bring
The ghosts of my old love dreams back to me.
Shadows and shapes of hopes yet unfulfilled,—
Midnights and morns through whose long hours were
spilled
The dreams that make divine the years of youth,—
Wherein all pure and passionate fancies stir
Ever about the imaged body of her
Whose face is beauty and whose soul is truth.

James Lindsay Gordon ("Old Love Dreams").

May ninth

There is a solemn stillness in the hour
Of midnight, when all nature's hushed to calm,
And she, and her rich beauties, voiceless pour
Upon the glowing soul their holy balm.

Thomas Semmes ("Love").

A Year Book of

May tenth

Back to my own green hills once more,
Back to my own bright sunny plains ;
Back to sweet freedom's glorious shore,
To catch once more her thrilling strains!
How leaps the warm tide in my veins,
As back to thee my wild thoughts fly,
While standing 'neath a foreign sky!

John C. McCabe ("The Homeward Bound").

May eleventh

Hush, sweetest South, I love thy delicate breath.
Henry Timrod ("A Southern Winter Night").
"Thou knowest the violets hoard their odors best
In the night absence of their lord, the sun."

Margaret J. Preston ("Alcyoné").

Southern Poets

May twelfth

A rosebud unfolded its leaves to the view,
All crimson with beauty, all silvered with dew,
Like a soul which has fallen from happier spheres,
Yet smiling with hope through its penitent tears.

William H. Holcombe ("Rosebud and Sunshine").

May thirteenth

He's yours and mine, is Robert Lee,
He's yours and mine, Hurrah!
These tears you shed have sealed the past,
And closed the wounds of war!
Thus clasping hands, Old Blue Coat,
We'll swear by the tears you weep,
The sounds of war shall be muffled—
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

Miss S. B. Valentine ("Marse Robert Is Asleep").

A Year Book of

May fourteenth

As one who in the hush of twilight hears
The pausing pulse of Nature, when the Light
Commingles in the dim mysterious rite
Of darkness with the mutual pledge of tears,
Till, soft, anon, one timorous star appears,
Pale—budding as the earliest blossom white
That comes in Winter's livery bedight,
To hide the gift of genial Spring she bears,—

So, unto me—what time the mysteries
Of consciousness and slumber weave a dream
And pause above it with bated breath,
Like intervals in music—lights arise,
Beyond prophetic Nature's furthest gleam.
That teach me half the mystery of Death.

John B. Tabb ("Glimpses").

May fifteenth

Ah, hold me fast! what of the day?
I care not if the sun be dead,
Nor if the stars be gold or gray.
Nay though the rising moon be red,
Our dawn is here, our night is past,
The world may fade—but hold me fast!

Ellen Glasgow ("Reunion").

Southern Poets

May sixteenth

Life is spirit—and life is force—
As water rises to its source,
So upward springing to the skies,
Life still lives and never dies.
'Tis just the bloom that fades or dies—
The seed finds wings and onward flies—

Samuel H. Newberry ("Life").

May seventeenth

Over the dreamy purple hills
My grief worn soul would fly,
Where peace her dewy draught distills
Under a quiet sky ;
There, where the gentle stars in love
The gates of rest unbar—
Where slumber nestles as a dove,
Over the hills afar.

Carter W. Wormeley ("Over the Hills").

A Year Book of

May eighteenth

Vanish the day with sorrow gray,
Smile earth and sky and sea,
What time her witching fingers sway
The magic keys for me.

Armistead C. Gordon ("On the Sea").

May nineteenth

But through my open window far away
Beyond the utmost reach of traffic's sway,
Into eternal silences I gaze;
Infinitude of peace and patience stays
Upon those heights, that man may know the will
Of Him who calms the waves with, "Peace be still."

Waitman Barbe ("Eternal Silence").

Southern Poets

May twentieth

'Tis now, 'twixt the daylight and darkness
The world seems the farthest away,
And a conjurer's wand dipped in Lethe
Transforms all the cares of the day.
'Tis now, when the pansy-eyed twilight
From the mystical garden of rue,
Gives her portion for rest and forgetting
'Tis now, Love, I'm nearest to you.

Annah R. Watson ("At Eventide").

May twenty-first

One slippered foot, flushed as the blossoming trees,
Is thrust, half-naked, in the bloom and spray
Of orchards, where throughout the dreamy day
The sunshine glints the wings of weaving bees,
And all her children, music-mad, do touch their thousand
keys.

J. Trotwood Moore ("To the Spirit of May").

A Year Book of

May twenty-second

Your hand in mine at the day's decline,
Your eyes to mine uplifted,
And face to face with a lilting pace,
Be the clouds banked dark or rifted,
We'll take our way through the glad to-day
With hearts too glad for sighing;
Oh, the time that's here is glad with cheer,
Though the day be dying, dying.

Judd Mortimer Lewis ("To-day").

May twenty-third

Hark! as rises now the moon,
And the star of day declines,
Soaring with night's growing noon;
Hark! along yon mount of pines,
Slowly sweet, the memories rise,
As of spirit born to sing
Of the loves of earth and skies,
In the coming of the spring—
Jubilate!

William G. Simms ("Woodland Vespers").

Southern Poets

May twenty-fourth

I stood beneath those sounding purple spires
As down the pathway of her solemn light
The moon descended.

A. H. Rutledge ("Under the Pines").

May twenty-fifth

Yes—oft will memory call a tear,
When laughter sparkles in the eye;
Oft lurks a heart oppress'd with care,
Beneath the mask of thoughtless joy.

Mrs. Littleford ("On Remembrance").

May twenty-sixth

Defeat and failure bring no shame to those
Who choose to die as free, not live as slaves;
Honors fall on them from their very foes,
And Freedom guards, with pious trust, their graves.

Fannie H. Marr ("Virginia").

A Year Book of

May twenty-seventh

Of course I'll gladly give de rule
I mek beaten-biscuits by,
Dough I ain't sure dat you will mek
Dat bread de same as I.

'Case cooking's like religion is—
Some's 'lected, an' some ain't,
An' rules don't no more mek a cook
Dan sermons mek a saint.

Howard Weeden ("Beaten Biscuits").

May twenty-eighth

Along the wilds, and feather-winnow'd air,
In animating undulations flow'd
The sweetly modulated songs of Spring.

Daniel Bryan ("The Adventures of Daniel Boone").

Southern Poets

May twenty-ninth

But, oh, how dim are suns and stars
Seen through a mist of tears!
How dull the happy sounds of earth
To sorrow-deafened ears!
Love, at thy shrine three costly gifts
I offer as we part,
A withered hope, a trust betrayed,
And last—a broken heart.

Mary Coles Carrington ("Song").

May thirtieth

Much I have pondered what our lives may mean,
And what their best endeavor,
Seeing we may not come again to glean,
But losing, lose forever.

John C. McNeill ("Recompense").

A Year Book of

May thirty-first

The air is laden with rich perfume,
Borne from the spot where the roses bloom,
And in the rays of the soft moonlight,
The dewdrops glisten, like diamonds bright.

Time passes on, and a withered bough
Is all that remains of beauty now;
For fragrance and bloom will soon decay,
And mortals, like roses, fade away.

Anon. ("Roses").

June first

O braided dusks of the oaks and woven shades of the
vine
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did
shine
Ye held me fast in your arms and I held you fast in
mine.

Sidney Lanier ("The Marshes of Glynn").

Southern Poets

June second

Oh! sweet and soft,
Returning oft,
As oft they pass benignly,
The warm June breezes come and go,
Through golden rounds of murmurous flow
At length to sigh
Wax faint and die
Far down the panting primrose sky
Divinely.

Paul H. Hayne ("The Breezes of June").

June third

And when in wild or thoughtless hours,
My hand hath crushed the tiniest flowers,
* * * * *
Little angel-flowers with wings
Would haunt me through the night.

Henry Timrod ("Flower-life").

A Year Book of

June fourth

There are many fair things in this life to love—
There are sweets from the earth and sweets from above—
I have tasted of all; but my heart whispers this:
There is nothing so sweet as a baby-kiss.

Josie F. Cappleman ("A Baby-kiss").

June fifth

Through the still hush of the night
Where the far, white star-beams burn,
Up toward the fading light
In the last dim watch I yearn;
All earth's dreams are dead in me,
As long since earth's hopes have died;
"Lord, forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be."

James Lindsay Gordon ("At the Sunrise Watch").

Southern Poets

June sixth

Every murmur around dies into my dream,
Save only the song of a sylvan stream,
Whose burden set in a somnolent tune,
Has lulled the whispering leaves of June.

Theophilus H. Hill ("Ideal Siesta").

June seventh

Mimic of the South—shy warbler,
Hast thou caught the firefly's glow
In the sparkle of thy flow,
Or gathered from the sunset's bow
Thy shafts of rhapsody?
Magnolia blossoms in the breeze—
Art thou singing now of these,
While filling heaven's purple frieze
With incense musical?

J. Trotwood Moore ("To a Mocking-bird in the Pine-top").

A Year Book of

June eighth

He stood beneath the starlight, and hope was on his
forehead,
And all his life was breathed upon with passionate de-
light ;
And all things to his vision had a golden glory borrowed,
And angel whispers floated through the stillness of the
night.

Barton Gray ("A Lost Love").

June ninth

Amber-belted through the night
Swings the alabaster moon,
Like a big magnolia white
On the fragrant heart of June.

Madison Cawein ("Creole Serenade").

Southern Poets

June tenth

We thought they slept!—the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil-fires ;
But, aye, the “Golden Horseshoe” knights
Their old dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep!

Frank O. Ticknor (“The Virginians of the Valley”).

June eleventh

Oh seek a pleasant valley
When thy heart is full of care,
And a forest where the lulling wave
Can ripple in the ear ;
The freshness and the silence
And the beauty will impart
Their balm unto thy fretted thought,
Their peace unto thy heart.

William H. Holcombe (“Nature Consoling”).

A Year Book of

June twelfth

In all the trees—amid the flowers—
They hide and sing and sing,
The world seems full of birds and flowers
Wake up my heart, 'tis Spring.

Carlyle McKinley ("In Spring").

June thirteenth

Unto the hills I mount and see
The vultures of the mountains flee;
My failing eyes I backward cast
To glean the harvest of the past.
My tottering feet have paused alone
Before the barriers of the known—
For onward still, through wrong and ruth,
I fare—a hunter of the truth.

Ellen Glasgow ("A Hunter").

Southern Poets

June fourteenth

Perfume shed by garden rose
Ne'er to memory seems so sweet
As this that by the roadside glows,
Brushed in passing by my feet.

Nannie M. Durant ("Rose O' the Road").

June fifteenth

Mix with action when thine anguish is too great for thee
to bear;
Mingle tumult with existence—flood thy life and drown
thy care.

Hu Maxwell ("The Bandit's Bride").

June sixteenth

Love's the lover's only magic,
Truth the very subtlest art;
Love that feigns and lips that flatter,
Win no modest heart.

Henry Timrod ("The Lily Confidante").

A Year Book of

June seventeenth

Dance to the beat of the rain, little fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Tho' the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He hath labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

John B. Tabb ("Fern Song").

June eighteenth

It is enough: I feel this golden morn,
As if a royal appanage were mine,
Through Nature's queenly warrant of divine
Investiture. What princess, palace-born,
Hath right of rapture more, when skies adorn
Themselves so grandly?—the air exalts the wine?
When pearly purples steep the yellowing corn?

Margaret J. Preston ("Moods").

Southern Poets

June nineteenth

In the stillness of the starlight
 Thou art resting on the billows—
On the waters, while afar, night smiles to see
That thy tiny leaves are tangled
 In the wave which softly pillows,
And thy silent bed is spangled bright and free.

Carter W. Wormeley ("To a Bayou Lily").

June twentieth

They come as the breezes come over the foam,
 Waking the waves that are sinking to sleep—
The fairest of memories from far-away home,
 The dim dreams of faces beyond the dark deep.

Father Ryan ("Memories").

June twenty-first

From the distant tropic strand,
 Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping curling round the palms with sweet faint
 undertunes
 From its field of purpling flowers
 Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal
 blooms of June.

Paul H. Hayne ("A Dream of the South Wind").

A Year Book of

June twenty-second

If 'tis madness to think in the spring and dew,
And the brown, sun-parched noon-time of summer, of
you;

To compare with your laugh every song of a bird,
With your voice every whisper when branches are stirred
By the South's perfumed breeze, then, dear, I am glad
For this madness of loving—am glad I am mad!
For the birds' songs are sweeter, the torrent's far call
Is sweeter and clearer and dearer, and all
Of the world, dear, is changed, like a gem washed in dew,
And heaven is nearer, dear, since I love you;
For this madness of loving I'm thankful again,
God bless you and keep you, and keep me insane!

Judd Mortimer Lewis ("Mad").

June twenty-third

With locks of gold to-day;
To-morrow silver gray;
Then blossom-bald. Behold,
O man thy fortune told!

John B. Tabb ("The Dandelion").

Southern Poets

June twenty-fourth

To-morrow! to-morrow! oh, where shall I be?
My heart has been light while its home was with thee!
And still its warm pulse shall bound lightly as air,
For wherever I wander its home shall be there!
And while it is absent, with thee, from my breast,
Its place by the presence of thine shall be blest;
And thine, in each throb, there will whisper of thee!
To-morrow! to-morrow! oh, where shall I be?

B. W. Huntington ("Parting Song").

June twenty-fifth

Never was day more cloudless in the sky—
Never the earth more beautiful in view:
Rose-crowned the mountain summits gathered high,
And the green forests shared the purple hue;
Midway the little pyramids all blue,
Stood robed for ceremonial, as the sun
Rose gradual in his grandeur, till he grew
Their god, and sovereign elevation won,
Lighting the loftiest towers as at a service done.

William G. Simms ("The Mountain Winds").

A Year Book of

June twenty-sixth

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,
Suited only to frivolous mirth!
A different thing was the fan that I praise,
Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.
At bees and at quiltings 'twas aye to be seen;
The best of the gossip began
When in at the doorway had entered serene
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Samuel Minturn Peck ("My Grandmother's Turkey-Tail Fan").

June twenty-seventh

Young flowers were whispering in melody
To happy flowers that night—and tree to tree;
Fountains were gushing music as they fell
In many a star-lit grove, or moon-lit dell;
Yet silence came upon material things—
Fair flowers, bright waterfalls, and angel wings—
And sounds alone that from the spirit sprang
Bore burden to the charm the maiden sang.

Edgar Allan Poe ("Al Aaraaf").

Southern Poets

June twenty-eighth

O hearts, beat warmer—warmer!
The storms of life are chill;
With the sunlight of affection
The darkened bosom fill.
You know not all the burdens
Which shackle other lives,
The daily cares and crosses
With which the spirit strives.

Anna Venable Koiner ("Heart Throbs").

June twenty-ninth

Thy joyousness is like the glow
Of the sunbeams on the sea,
As they sparkle to and fro,
Laughingly, laughingly—
But beneath the caverns deep
Calm and still the waters sleep;
Far too mighty and profound
For flashing light—for rippling sound—
Thus my soul lies calm forever—
Silent in its deep emotion,
Hushed as to a still devotion.

Susan A. Talley ("The Spirit of Poesy").

A Year Book of

June thirtieth

Where sweep the wanton zephyrs with a slow
And gentle motion o'er the waving grass,
That moves beneath it as a thing of life;
Where bend the wild flowers to its lambent kiss,
Hanging their heads and blushing as a girl
When her heart's idol whispers in her ear;
Where the pink clover blossoms peep from out
The rich green leaves that half conceal their hue,
Like sprigs of coral in a Nereid's hair;
I'll walk alone and think of thee, my love.

Thomas Semmes ("To Isabel").

Southern Poets

July first

Zephyrs of light have shaken
From off their golden wings,
Odors, but lately taken
From the depths of Sonora's springs.
Tampa's flowers have given
Sweets, that, even as they fall,
Make us still fancy that heaven
Hath somewhere a blessing for all!
Oh! moments wing'd and gilded,
Ye will all too soon have passed:
Souls of Love, be yielded,
Now while your raptures last.

William G. Simms ("Songs Be Ours").

July second

To-day the woods are trembling through and through
With shimmering forms, that flash before my view,
Then melt in green as dawn-stars melt in blue.

Sidney Lanier ("Corn").

A Year Book of

July third

Out from the bay this summer day,
From corroding care we race;
We sail away in sun and spray,
That bronze each happy face;
Potent as wine the bracing brine,
And as Vikings free are we;
Almost divine the joy of thine,
O, sovereign, sunlit sea.

Rev. P. L. Duffy ("Yachting").

July fourth

America! all hail the name—
Chiming down the passing ages;
Whose march shall win the proudest fame,
Blazon'd on time's gilded pages.

It is her mission to be free
And lead the way for human freedom;
To stretch her arms beyond the sea
And gather in the lost of Eden.

Samuel H. Newberry ("America! All Hail the Name").

Southern Poets

July fifth

Deep buried in the forest was a nook
Remote and quiet as its quiet skies ;

* * * * *

Dark oaks and fluted chestnuts gathering round,
Pillared and greenly domed a sloping mound.

Henry Timrod ("A Vision of Poesy").

July sixth

He sang a song, a little song
No other poet knew ;
And she looked up and thought him strong,
Looked down and dreamed him true.

Barton Gray ("First and Last").

A Year Book of

July seventh

Magnolias bright with glossy leaves and flowers,
Fragrant as Eden in its happiest hours ;
The gloomy cypress towering to the skies,
The maple, loveliest in autumnal dyes,
The palm armorial, with its tufted head,
Vines over all in wild luxuriance spread,
And columned pines, a mystic wood he sees,
That sigh and whisper to the passing breeze.

William J. Grayson ("The Hireling and the Slave").

July eighth

'Twas yesterday we stood, glad in the dawn
Of the love-mystic land ;
To-morrow shall we turn and face the West :
Silently, hand in hand.

A. H. Rutledge ("To-morrow").

Southern Poets

July ninth

Cool-throated flowers that avoid the day's
Too fervid kisses; every bud that drinks
The tipsy dew and to the star-light plays
Nocturnes of fragrance, thy wing'd shadow links
In bonds of sweet brotherhood and faith;
O bearer of their order's shibboleth,
Like some pale symbol fluttering o'er these pinks.

Madison Cawein ("A Twilight Moth").

July tenth

In a vanished year was it not here where the flowering
fields and the forest meet,
On a radiant day of a golden May to breathe whose sun-
shine seemed so sweet,—
Was it not here, O dear and dear, that I laid a life's love
at your feet?

James Lindsay Gordon ("Beyond Arvallon").

A Year Book of

July eleventh

Let the world roll blindly on!
Give me shadow, give me sun,
And a perfumed eve as this is;
 Let me lie,
 Dreamfully,
When the last quick sunbeams shiver
Spears of light athwart the river,
And a breeze which seems the sigh
Of a fairy floating by
 Coyly kisses
Tender leaf and feathery grasses;
Yet so soft its breathing passes,
These tall ferns just glimmering o'er me,
Blending goldenly before me
 Hardly quiver.

Paul H. Hayne ("Dolce Far Niente").

July twelfth

Ah! life is sweeter than we thought,
 And sorrow softens, even,
As if our world had strayed somehow
 A little nearer heaven.

Carlyle McKinley ("In Spring").

Southern Poets

July thirteenth

Waiting for words—as on the broad expanse
Of heaven the formless vapors of the night
Expectant, wait on the oracle of light
Interpreting their dumb significance;
Or like a star that in the morning glance
Shrinks, like a folding blossom, from the sight,
Nor wakens till upon the western height
The shadows to their evening towers advance—

So, in my soul, a dream ineffable,
Expectant of the sunshine or the shade,
Hath oft, upon the brink of twilight chill,
Or at the dawn's pale glimmering portal stayed
In tears, that all the quivering eyelids fill,
In smiles, that on the lips of silence fade.

John B. Tabb ("Unuttered").

July fourteenth

The loftiest-soaring thoughts that ever find
Within our souls their transient nesting-place,
Elude most subtly the detaining grasp
Wherewith gross speech would hold them.

Margaret J. Preston ("The Unattained").

A Year Book of

July fifteenth

And now and then it surely seemed,
The little streams were laughing low,
As if their sleepy wavelets dreamed
Such dreams as only children know.

Father Ryan ("A Memory").

July sixteenth

It has come! In its smile, see all nature rejoice!
It has come! on the flower-gemmed hill
Its footsteps are heard, and its musical voice
May be caught in the murmuring rill.
It has come! o'er the earth waves its glorious wing!
And Thy name, Gracious Father, we praise,
For the beauty, the gladness, the brightness of spring,
And rich blessings to gladden our days.

John C. McCabe ("Spring Time").

Southern Poets

July seventeenth

O sea-breeze rising from the south
With shadowy feet upon the sea,
And fragrant kisses on thy mouth!
Beloved one, bring some balm to me.

William H. Holcombe ("O Sea-Breeze!")

July eighteenth

Sleep softly, little sweetheart, sleep,
Night's silent lamps are gleaming,
May hovering angels shield and keep
Their gentle sister dreaming;
In rose's breast the dewdrops rest;
So, in thy bosom white,
May peace lie locked in slumber's arms—
My little love, good night.

Carter W. Wormeley ("Good Night").

A Year Book of

July nineteenth

Oh, the days of our boyhood! the light on the sea!
The path 'neath the trees, and the dew-begemmed lea!
And the mocking-bird somewhere as glad as can be!
Oh, the days of our boyhood forever.

Judd Mortimer Lewis ("Mooning").

July twentieth

O welcome wind that comes His gracious law fulfilling,
In you the brown bee hums, the skylark's song is thrill-
ing;
Voices of wood and fields your whispering voice dis-
closes,
And in your breath revealed I find the summer roses.

Mary Bradley ("Summer Wind").

Southern Poets

July twenty-first

One word of silent prayer in earnest trust
Is worth eternity of soulless form,
And words without devotion. From the dust
A soul can be uplifted to the warm
And peaceful light of truth. We cannot thrust
Ourselves to heaven, nor stop the raging storm.
Another hand must guide us, and will guide.
The rest will come at last, though storm betide.

Hu Maxwell ("Nacimiento").

July twenty-second

As from a distance hill and vale
Appear one level plain,
So to the eye of heaven may be
The great and small of men.

Fannie H. Marr ("Fidelis in Parvo").

A Year Book of

July twenty-third

We never value while possessing,
But we crave a happier lot,
Hope holds out a future blessing
And the present's all forgot.

John Lewis ("Evening").

July twenty-fourth

Earth that all too soon has bound him,
Gently wraps his clay!
Linger lovingly around him
Light of dying day!
Softly fall the summer showers,
Birds and bees among the flowers,
Make the gloom seem gay!

John R. Thompson ("Ashby").

Southern Poets

July twenty-fifth

O Sea reposeful, find I rest
Upon your sympathetic breast ;
 O summer sea,
 O whispering sea,
How much you comfort, comfort me,
How much one being you have blest !

Josie F. Cappleman ("O Summer Sea").

July twenty-sixth

The breeze—the breath of God—is still—
And the mist upon the hill
Shadowy—shadowy—yet unbroken
Is a symbol and a token.
How it hangs upon the trees,
A mystery of mysteries !

Edgar Allan Poe ("Spirits of the Dead").

A Year Book of

July twenty-seventh

How redly glows the tropic sky!
How hushed the distant waters lie!
It seems as though a simoon's wing
Slept silently on everything.
The palms like weary eaglets droop,
See how my fragrant lilies stoop;
Bereft of morning's lucid dew,
Like me they pine and languish too.

Julia Pleasants ("The Persian Bride").

July twenty-eighth

The flowers are springing,
Like fairy things bright;
And the young birds are singing
By fountains of light—
Then hail! mirth and laughter,
And love, song, and wine;
Let sorrow come after—
The present is mine.

Thomas Semmes ("Nunc Tempus").

Southern Poets

July twenty-ninth

Oh, love! the dew lies on the flower,
And the stars gleam on the sea;
It is the charm'd, the silent hour,
When I should roam with thee.
The day dies out within the West,
The shadows gather near;
And now sweet fancies fill my breast,
And thou art strangely dear.

James A. Bartley ("Oh, Love! The Dew is on the Flower").

July thirtieth

Just at your ear, all night you hear
The wailing whip-poor-will;
The turkey tramps through the hollow near,
The owl hoots from the hill;
The katydid too if the summer wake her,
Pipes out from the flame-bush nigh:
Sure, the song of the midnight woods is sweeter
Than mortal minstrelsy!
Hillo! Hillo!

Robert M. Bird ("The Pine Wood").

A Year Book of

July thirty-first

Come, my love—O! come with me,
We will wander wild and free,—
Where the pale moon sheds her light,
And the dewdrops glisten bright;—
Where is heard the gurgling flow
Of the streamlet, we shall go,
And our joyous feet shall tread,
Near the humble violet's bed.
We will breathe the rich perfume,
Born of fragrant flowers in bloom;
All that's sweet and all that's fair,
From green earth or scented air,
Nature brings in vesture gay,
Laughing strews around our way.

Alexander L. Beard ("Invocation").

August first

Down I lay
In amber shades of many a golden spray,
Where looping low with languid arms the Vine
In wreaths of ravishment did overtwine
Her kneeling Live-Oak, fold to plight
Herself unto her own true stalwart knight.

Sidney Lanier ("The Bee").

Southern Poets

August second

Thousands of insects faintly sung
 In the warmth of the southern night.
The bat flew low, and the great owl swung
 Like a bell in the mystic night.
The ripe corn rustled its yellow blade,
 The field flowers woke from their swoon,
And the leaves of the wild grape lightly played
 In the rays of the rising moon.

J. H. Boner ("Home from Camp-Meeting").

August third

Amber smile of early morn
Had flashed across the ripening corn;
 And on the spider's netting frail
 The dew is gleaming bright,
As if an elf had lost her veil
 While fleeing from the light.

Samuel Minturn Peck ("Midsummer Song").

A Year Book of

August fourth

O the Southern Pineland free
Breathes immortal melody,
Like the immemorial music of the old melodious sea:
Purer than the live oak shines,
Sweeter than the Jessamines,
Is the wild and lonely liberty beneath the windy pines.
A. H. Rutledge ("Southern Pines").

August fifth

Often thou
Hast uttered, through some all unworthy song,
Truths that for man might else have slumbered long.
Henry Timrod ("A Vision of Poesy").

Southern Poets

August sixth

Wandered a child by a green-banked river,
In a dim low shadow-strewn sunset land,
Where the rushes bend and shimmer and shiver
Like a lute soft struck by some angel hand:
Afar in the purple distance hung
One large round star—and the moon was young—
Young with that pale, calm beauty that never
Hath been worthily told by mortal tongue.

Barton Gray ("In Arcady").

August seventh

Aye, odors have a power—
Most subtle are their ways—
Of flashing fresh upon us
The dreams of other days.

Josie F. Cappleman ("August Lilies").

A Year Book of

August eighth

I love Queen August's stately sway,
And all her fragrant south winds say,
With vague, mysterious meanings fraught,
Of unimaginable thought;
Those winds 'mid change of gloom and gleam
Seem wandering thro' a golden dream—
The rare midsummer dream that lies
In humid depths of Nature's eyes.

Paul H. Hayne ("Midsummer in the South").

August ninth

A man should keep a compact with himself,
Nor strip himself quite bare save unto God.

Amélie Rives ("Augustine the Man").

Southern Poets

August tenth

Each winding creek in grave entrancement lies
A rhapsody of morning stars. The skies
Shine scant with one forked galaxy,—
The marsh brags ten: looped on his breast they lie.

Sidney Lanier ("Hymn of the Marshes").

August eleventh

The lotus bowed above the tide and dreamed;
The broad leaved calamus arose and fell
As on a lover's breast the head
His beating heart has rocked to sleep;
And all the air was drowsed with tropic calm.

Margaret J. Preston (Rhodopé's Sandal").

A Year Book of

August twelfth

Clad on with glowing beauty and the peace,
Benign, of calm maturity, she stands
Among her meadows and her orchard lands,
And on her mellowing gardens and her trees,
Out of the ripe abundance of her hands
Bestows increase
And fruitfulness, as, wrapped in sunny ease,
Blue-eyed and blond she goes
Upon her bosom summer's richest rose.

Madison Cawein ("August").

August thirteenth

O shadow, in thy fleeing form I see
The friend of fortune that once clung to me.
In flattering light, thy constancy is shown;
In darkness thou wilt leave me all alone.

John B. Tabb ("The Shadow").

Southern Poets

August fourteenth

I'd love to drift in a canoe
With you beneath the moon,
Where water-lilies catch the dew,
And, far away, the loon
Sends his weird cry through the still night,
And where the forest tree
Spreads its wide boughs, through which the light
Would sift on you and me.

Judd Mortimer Lewis ("Adrift").

August fifteenth

Up comes the sun: thro' the dense leaves a spot
Of splendid light drinks up the dew; the breeze
Which late made leafy music dies; the day grows hot,
And slumberous sounds come from the marauding
bees:
The burnished river like a sword-blade shines,
Save where 'tis shadow'd by the solemn pines.

James B. Hope ("Three Summer Studies").

A Year Book of

August sixteenth

No hand might clasp, from land to land;
Yea! there was one to bridge the tide;
For at the touch of Mercy's hand
The North and South stood side by side
Father Ryan ("Reunited").

August seventeenth

Sun-shimmer'd fields of dreaming green,
A sky blue-domed in azure sheen,
And hill on hill dipped deep between.
And with soft sighs the breezes rise
To waft cloud-kisses to the skies.
J. Trotwood Moore ("Tennessee").

Southern Poets

August eighteenth

I blame you not!—I blame you not!
But, dearest love, why came you not?
And such a night—
A very moon and star delight,
With pearly clouds so soft and white.
And, 'mong the trees,
As 'twere a Love itself at ease,
So frolic and so sweet a breeze!—
Ah! dearest love, I blame you not!
I sorrow—but why came you not?

William G. Simms ("I Blame You Not").

August nineteenth

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle;
Hark the tiny swell
Of wavelets softly, silvery
Toned like a fairy bell,
Whose every note dropped sweetly
In mellow glamor round,
Echo hath caught and harvested
In airy sheaves of sound!

Paul H. Hayne ("The Meadow Brook").

A Year Book of

August twentieth

Upon the sea a vesper calm
Lay brooding over liquid miles,
Hallowed like a wordless psalm
Or stillness in cathedral aisles.
Like fair nuns' faces, pure and white,
Wave crests were gleaming on the bar;
And, like a sanctuary light,
There glimmered far the evening star.

Rev. P. L. Duffy ("On the Beach").

August twenty-first

I once might hear the fairies sing
Upon the feathery grass aswing,
Or in the orchard's blossoming:
Their melody so fine and clear
One had to bend his ear to hear,
Or else the music well might pass
For zephyrs whispering in the grass.

Thomas Nelson Page ("Youth").

Southern Poets

August twenty-second

Why need we angels in this vale below,
To banish/grief or give a balm for wo?
To still the sigh or dry the rising tear—
Oh! tell me, is not lovely woman here!

Anon. ("Lines").

August twenty-third

Zephyrs worship you and love you
More and more,
As you pass, the flowers are bending
To adore.
Bluest blossoms bow before you,
Orange blossoms quiver o'er you,
Plead to kiss you and adore you
Evermore.

Hu Maxwell ("The Conquest").

August twenty-fourth

The universe with its infinity,
Is but the visible garment of our God.

William H. Holcombe ("New Thanatopsis").

A Year Book of

August twenty-fifth

And as some flood tumultuous
In sounding billows rolled
Gives back the evening's glories
In a wealth of blazing gold:
So does the present from its waves
Reflect the lights of old.

James B. Hope ("The Lee Memorial Ode").

August twenty-sixth

We sing of the love of the future,
Or toast the hours gone by;
But we do not see, all smilingly,
To-day's love waiting nigh.

Nannie M. Durant ("Aujourd'hui C'est à Nous").

Southern Poets

August twenty-seventh

O my royal purple pansies
Drooping low their yellow eyelids,
Sweetly sleeping where the evening
Waits all crimsoned with the blushes
Of the luscious jacqueminot;—
Silver curtains hung from Starland,
Opened and a lilac cloudlet
Floating earthward turned to pansies—
Pansies dozing in the pearl dusk,
With the moonlight's golden quiver
Folded to their yellow hearts.

Kil Courtland ("A Study in Purple").

August twenty-eighth

In tears and in sorrow we part,
Yet love gives in earnest most sweet,
And whispers the hope to my heart,
In rapture and smiles we shall meet.
Then cherish this vision so fair
Nor shun the gay pastimes of youth,
For why should the bosom despair,
That breathes pure affection and truth.

John Lewis ("Lines").

A Year Book of

August twenty-ninth

Is it so long,—the path that lies
Between thy starting and thy rest?
Seek'st thou beneath noon's burning skies
The cool soft shades of evening blest?
Labor and love make smooth the roughest lot,
And time is short to him who counts it not.

Fannie H. Marr ("Finem Respice").

August thirtieth

Oh, give me the wind that sighs
In soft Eolian caves;
Oh, give me the dreams that rise
Like Venus from the waves.

I sigh for the unreal,
Bright dreams of love and grace;
I live in the ideal,
And loathe the commonplace.

Duval Porter ("The Poet's Wish").

Southern Poets

August thirty-first

The heart was young—it was stalwart, too,
To meet life's fight—its weal or woe,
And we still find joy in the leal and true
Of these vanished scenes of long ago.
Though old, we cling to the love it brought
Nor lose the relish of youth-time's glow;
For oh! how sweet was the bliss it wrought
In the happy time of long ago.

Robert Whittet ("The Days of Long Ago").

September first

Summer is routed from her rosy plains,
The splendid queen with colors flying fled
Far to the south, leaving her legions dead
Upon the fields all in the dismal rains.

J. H. Boner ("The Old Guard").

A Year Book of

September second

Standing here where just the latest ember
Of the summer dieth with the day,
And the shadows of the dusk September
Sweep athwart the way,
Look I far beyond the west wind's hushes,
Look with eyes that faint not for the night,—
Far beyond the sunset's glooms and blushes
To the unfading light.

Barton Gray ("Looking Westward").

September third

Sweet are the perfumes lingering through
This royal mantle of Autumn's bride.
The distilled fragrance of the dew,
The odor of roses in their pride.

Nannie M. Durant ("The Mantle").

Southern Poets

September fourth

I heard a little bird sing out one morning
While yet the darkness overspread the sky,
And not a single streak of rose gave warning
That day was nigh.

It sang with such a sweet and joyful clearness,
The silence piercing with a note so fine,
That I was filled with sudden sense of nearness
To Love Divine.

Mary Bradley ("Song in the Dark").

September fifth

To the glorious mysterious westward,
Through the ways our eyes cannot see,
O beautiful sorrow of sunset,
We turn, we turn unto thee.

A. H. Rutledge ("Sunset").

A Year Book of

September sixth

The sun had set ; and wold, and stream, and air
Slept in the Sabbath of his chastened light,
While scarce discerned in blue, a crescent fair,
Upturned, poured dews upon a neighboring height ;—
When, suddenly, all the sky between grew white,
And silvered into cloud, that, as it drew
Towards the horizon, was in blackness dight ;
'Till, as some bird of prey had hither flew,
Above the dying day its condor wings it threw.

David R. Arnell ("An Autumn Storm").

September seventh

Sweet friends
Man's love ascends
To finer and diviner ends
Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends.

Sidney Lanier ("The Symphony").

Southern Poets

September eighth

I know not why I love the cloud-lined hills,
Stretching away so faint in trembling rills
Of smoke-blue ether. Far away they seem
Like fixed billows of the ocean—like the dream
Of the sea, when in his mad and wild unrest
He longs to sleep upon his earth-bride's breast.
Transfixed his waves—in blue and brown they stand,
The image of the ocean in the land.
The trees that tower in the twilight far
Are masts of bannered ships with naked spar,
While o'er the crest, like lighthouse lamp, shines out the
evening star.

John Trotwood Moore ("The Hills").

September ninth

Could we but lift the latch of the door
And see what the future has in store;
We know we would look with wondering eyes,
And see all the blessings hid in disguise.
For God in His wisdom gives darkness and light,
To teach us to journey by faith and by sight.

Samuel H. Newberry ("Song").

A Year Book of

September tenth

Ah, God! for the wings of the eagle above me,
With their steadfast vigor and royal might;
 Ah, God! for an impulse like theirs to move me
 In endless courses of upward flight;
The clouds may billow, the vapors heave,
But still his pinions the darkness cleave;
And proudly serene in those realms above me,
 He soars from conquering height to height.

Paul H. Hayne ("Above the Storm").

September eleventh

De stars is all a-shinin'
 Up in de silunt sky,
De birds is all a-noddin'
 Up in de cedars high,
Go to sleep, my darlin' babies, ole mammy's settin' near,
Ter help de angils gward yuh from eb'ry sort er fear.

Annah R. Watson ("Mammy's Lullaby").

Southern Poets

September twelfth

Here Beauty holds her Court, her gracious King
The sovereign sun; her suite the flowers ablaze
With radiant raiment woven by Southern rays,
The placid woodland waters mirroring
The flowery splendors of the bourgeoning Spring.
Here petalled portieres deck the walls of bloom;
Azaleas aflame the halls illumine;
Magnolias column stately avenues,
Gleaming arcades, marbled with lucent hues.
The sunlit air is vibrant with perfume
Sweeter than music and each bud unblown
Incenses Beauty on her glowing throne.
The roses breathe their homage all day long,
Spring is her vassal, life a scented song.

Rev. P. L. Duffy ("Magnolia Gardens on the Ashley").

September thirteenth

What is the power that holds one hour of life undying
though others die?
I have seen the blaze of a thousand days fade from the
blue of a cloudless sky
And just one day of one sun-sweet May shines crystal
clear in my memory.

James Lindsay Gordon ("Beyond Arvallon").

A Year Book of

September fourteenth

How much would I care for it, could I know,
That when I am under the grass or snow,
The ravelled garments of life's brief day
Folded, and quietly laid away;
The spirit let loose from mortal bars,
And somewhere away among the stars:
How much do you think it would matter then
What praise was lavished upon me, when,
Whatever might be its stint or store,
It neither could help nor harm me more?

Margaret J. Preston ("Before Death").

September fifteenth

A nameless sorrow haunts the air
With whispers vague and scattered;
It echoes round each blossom fair
By zephyrs lately flattered.
The rose at night
Awakes in fright
From dreams of beauty shattered.

Samuel Minturn Peck ("The Passing of Summer").

Southern Poets

September sixteenth

Magician he, who autumn nights,
Down from the starry heavens whirls ;
A harlequin in spangled tights,
Whose wand's touch carpets earth with pearls.
Madison Cawein ("Frost").

September seventeenth

The wind is wailing in the pines ;
My boat is rocking in the sea ;
The last light dies in fading lines ;
The world will soon be dark to me :
Oh let me go !
Cut loose the frail, the single strand
That holds my rocking boat to land,
And let me go !
William H. Holcombe ("Let Me Go").

A Year Book of

September eighteenth

Leafless, stemless, floating flower,
From a rainbow's scattered bower,
Like a bubble of the air
Blown by fairies, tell me where
Seed or scion I may find
Bearing blossoms of thy kind.

John B. Tabb ("The Butterfly").

September nineteenth

When the bells of evening ring
And the hush of night is falling,
When the weary earth seems calling
Through the shadows as they cling;
There is stillness in the twilight
With a prophecy complete
Of a rest secure and sweet,
When the bells of evening ring.

Carter W. Wormeley ("Evening Bells").

Southern Poets

September twentieth

The twilight hours as birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

Amelia Welby ("Twilight at Sea").

September twenty-first

Never a song that the breeze whispers low,
Never a measure that the bugles may blow,
Like the lilt and the croon
Of the old-fashioned tune
That babes in the arms of their glad mothers know.

Judd Mortimer Lewis ("The Mother-Tone").

A Year Book of

September twenty-second

In the sunset's glow
The shore shelved low
And snow-white, from far ridges screened with shade
Of drooping palm.

Father Ryan ("Rhyme").

September twenty-third

A violeen is like an 'ooman, mighty hard to guide,
And mighty hard to keep in order after once it's buyed.
Dere's alluz somefin' bout it out ob kelter, more or less,
An' 'tain't de fancies'-lookin' ones dat alluz does de bes'.

Irwin Russell ("Christmas Night in the Quarters").

Southern Poets

September twenty-fourth

The muffled drum's sad note has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

Theodore O'Hara ("The Bivouac of the Dead").

September twenty-fifth

Give me your hand, Old Blue Coat,
Let us talk of this awhile,
For the prettiest march of all the war
Was this of rank and file!—
Was the passing of that army,
When 'twas hard, I ween, to keep
Those men from crying out, "Hurrah!
Marse Robert is asleep!"

Miss S. B. Valentine ("Marse Robert Is Asleep").

A Year Book of

September twenty-sixth

Swaying and singing, a mocking-bird,
And this was the soul of the song I heard—
 O love, O love,
 From the blue above,
 From the gleaming sheen
 Of the leaflets green,
From each flower-heart you leap, O love.

Josie F. Cappleman ("A Love Song").

September twenty-seventh

When autumn skies are deeper blue
 Than any skies June ever knew ;
When frost has touched the mellow air
 Till yellow leaves fall everywhere ;
When wild grapes scent the winds with wine,
 And ripe persimmons give the sign,
Then Life seems happy as a rhyme
 Because—it's nearly 'Possum time!

Howard Weeden ("'Possum Time").

Southern Poets

September twenty-eighth

'Tis a beauteous time,—'tis a holy time—
The sweet still days of the autumn prime;
When Nature sadly and meekly fair,
Seems bowed with awe at her silent prayer;
And well may man, from his pride beguiled,
A lesson learn from her teaching mild,—
Go forth to the dim and solemn wood,
And there commune with his soul and God.

Susan A. Talley ("Autumn").

September twenty-ninth

Life's a flower—its bloom eternal
Lends brief glory unto day.

Life's a river, restless ever,
Onward still its waters flow;
Murmuring and ceasing never,
Making notes of bliss and woe.

Anon. ("Lays of Courage").

A Year Book of

September thirtieth

Torch-bearers are the grim black pines ;
Their torches are the flaming vines
Bright on the mountain's skyward lines.

Philip P. Cooke ("The Mountains").

October first

There's something—but what I can scarcely divine,—
Perchance 'tis the breath like a potent wine,
Of the cordial clear October,
Which makes, when the jovial month comes round,
The life-blood bloom, and the pulses bound,
And the soul spring forth like a monarch crown'd,—
God's grace on the brave October.

Paul H. Hayne ("October").

Southern Poets

October second

Nations themselves are but the monuments
Of deathless men, whom the Divine intents
Decree for mighty purposes.

William G. Simms ("Calhoun").

October third

Autumn winds are sadly sighing,
Autumn leaves are withered lying,
Like the summer she is dying—
Weep for her.

Mary G. Wells ("A Lament").

October fourth

Gather leaves and grasses,
Love, to-day,
For the autumn passes
Soon away.
Chilly winds are blowing,
It will soon be snowing.

J. H. Boner ("Gather Leaves and Grasses").

A Year Book of

October fifth

To give labor to the poor,
The whole sad planet o'er,
And save from want and crime the humblest door,
Is one among the many ends for which
God makes us great and rich!

Henry Timrod ("Ethnogenesis").

October sixth

All the earth is full of beauty, all the sky in azure fold,
And the sunshine in its softness melts in dreamy waves
of gold,
The wild goose flying southward sounds its startled,
clarion note,
And the trumpet of the harvest march is in his echoing
throat,
While the flashing of a thousand cotton banners' mid the
corn,
Like our skies, are red at evening but are silver in the
morn.

John Trotwood Moore ("A Harvest Song").

Southern Poets

October seventh

And we—we weep him not whose task is ended,
Whose glorious future outshines all success;
Though on his grave a whole world's tears descended,
We could not love him more—nor mourn him less.

Barton Gray ("Robert Edward Lee").

October eighth

Misname not thou an idle dream, the ardent poet's
thought,
Who makes his brotherhood of things from Nature's
treasures brought;
Their voiceless beauty speaks to him in language sweet
and clear,
A music, and a melody than earthly tones more dear!

Anon. ("The Themes of Song").

A Year Book of

October ninth

When Autumn's parting days grow cold and brief
Light hoar-frost sparkles on the fallen leaf,
The breezeless pines, at rest, no longer sigh,
Bright, pearl-like clouds hang shining in the sky.

W. J. Grayson ("The Hireling and the Slave").

October tenth

A-dream and 'mid wild asters filled with rain,
I glimpsed her cheeks red-berried by the breeze,
In her dark eyes the night's sidereal stain.
And once upon an orchard's tangled path,
When all the golden-rod had turned to brown,
Where russets rolled and leaves were sweet of breath,
I have beheld her 'mid her aftermath
Of blossoms standing in her gypsy gown,
Within her gaze the deeps of life and death.

Madison Cawein ("October").

Southern Poets

October eleventh

The sun at morn
Rose fair as at Creation's dawn.
And every little leaf and flower,
That grew beneath his kindly power,
Bore on its breast a dewy gem
Bright as monarch's diadem.
The courting birds that filled the woods,
Which else were silent solitudes,
Awakening by the morning ray
Seemed joying in the early day,
As from the boughs of bush and tree
Their mating songs came merrily.

Lewis F. Thomas ("Inda").

October twelfth

The golden-rod was aflame in the fields,
With dew was the green grass wet;
A faint blue haze hung over the hills,
Where the earth and the sky lines met.
And the green of the grass and the gold of the fields,
Where the grain in the summer stood,
Were swathed in dreams that drifted slow
On the breath of the russet wood.

Annah R. Watson ("In October").

A Year Book of

October thirteenth

Oh, is not this the utmost pang of sin,
To know thyself destroyed by thine own act!
Lo! on a sudden how the void boils o'er
With scarlet mists that wreath and cling about me.
They are the phantoms of my delicate vices.

Amélie Rives ("Augustine the Man").

October fourteenth

If to stretch a hand to the hands that needed, if to
soften the path unto weary feet,—
If fair deeds done in life's silent places, because such
deeds to his heart were sweet,—
If these make light on the shadowed waters, he has gone
where a thousand splendors meet.

James Lindsay Gordon ("Gone Seaward").

Southern Poets

October fifteenth

We never know each other here,
No soul can here another see—
To know—we need a light as clear
As that which fills eternity.

Father Ryan ("Thoughts").

October sixteenth

Perched amid the withered grass,
Like a friar singing mass
O'er the blossoms dead;
Hauntingly a note of woe
Echoes from thy tremolo,
Mourning beauty fled.

Samuel Minturn Peck ("To a Cricket").

A Year Book of

October seventeenth

Human hearts are weak and wailing—
But the human mind is strong,
And an iron will availing
To oppose the sternest wrong.

Julia Pleasants ("The Present").

October eighteenth

What can I crave of good
That here I find not? Nature's stores are spread
Abroad with such profusion, that I would
Not have one glory added, if I could
Beneath or overhead.

Margaret J. Preston ("Nunc Dimittis").

Southern Poets

October nineteenth

I am sitting by a window that is open to the South,
And a magic perfumed sweetness is pervading all the
air,
And it comes to me as softly as red kisses on the mouth,
And the breeze is like slim fingers softly moving
through my hair.
Oh, crape-myrtle leaves are scarlet, I can see them flame
afar,
And the golden cosmos morning is a-drip with silver
dew ;
Oh, I long to come and seek you, come and find you
where you are,
Just to bring the lovely pictures of the Southland to
your view.

Judd Mortimer Lewis ("Pictures of the Southland").

October twentieth

There are thoughts in my heart to-day
That are not for human speech ;
But I hear them in the driving storm,
And the roar upon the beach.

Henry Timrod ("Hark to the Shouting Winds").

A Year Book of

October twenty-first

Behold, the fleeting swallow
Forsakes the frosty air ;
And leaves alert to follow,
Are falling everywhere,
Like wounded birds, too weak
A distant clime to seek.

John B. Tabb ("October").

October twenty-second

The night was beautiful. A silence slept
Serenely over all the world of waves,
Save ever and anon the roar and moan
Of billows on the reef, or the wild cry
Of sea-birds screaming through the startled night ;
Or the hoarse howl and bay of ocean dogs
That swam from rock to rock. But all this passed
And came at intervals ; and night hung dull
About the island hills.

Hu Maxwell ("The Sea-Girt Isle").

Southern Poets

October twenty-third

She's a well-poised, queenly creature
As she moves in tune and time,
And graceful as the lily
Of her own soft, sun-kissed clime;
With an air half pride, half pathos;
A voice like brooklets' purl;
With ways that haunt and hold one—
Our gracious Southern Girl.

Josie F. Cappleman ("The Southern Girl").

October twenty-fourth

Old age has come!
But 'tis the expectant dawn,
And glitters splendid with the dew
Of fostered friendships, leal and true;
And heartsome deeds of kindness, sown
Long long ago, as fruits are known,
Which come to harvest in these quiet days
And yield coy pleasures in life's simpler ways
Since age has come!

Robert Whittet ("When Age Has Come").

A Year Book of

October twenty-fifth

The earth is eloquent of man: his thoughts,
His work, his plans, his schemes, his sin, his strife;
And like a monumental stone, is wrought
With deep-cut records of his transient life.
But to the sky the higher task is given
To tell of God, and purity, and heaven.

Fannie H. Marr ("The Sky").

October twenty-sixth

I wandered away in my dreaming—
It mattered but little to me
The way that my feet were wending,
So long as my spirit was free.
So weary was I of earth's travel,
I journeyed away to a clime
To find for my soul some Eden—
Not found in the desert of time.

Samuel H. Newberry ("Ideal").

Southern Poets

October twenty-seventh

Give me, give me here my tea ;
Ladies' nectar ! give it me ;
Sweet as what the Hummer sips,
Or the dew on Beauty's lips.
Tea 'tis makes the spirit's flow,
Tickles up the heart of wo,
Sets the tongue, enlivens wit,
Gives the sweet poetic fit.
Tea 'tis makes the charming fair
Sprightly, pleasing, as they are.
What is more than all, 'twas Tea,
Tea, that set Columbia free.

William Maxwell ("Tea").

October twenty-eighth

Already o'er the sea-girt hill,
The blasts that lead the tempest blow ;
And lo ! the frightened billows swell
And whiten all the shore below.

John Shaw ("The Autumn Flower").

A Year Book of

October twenty-ninth

The City—the City—its glare and din—
Oh! my soul is sick of its sights and shows,
My spirit is cramp'd, and my soul pent in—
I can scarcely think, and it seems to me
My very breathing is not so free,
As where the breeze in its freedom blows,
And the vines untrammel'd but seem to be
Disporting to tell of their liberty.
There, there I'd be—Oh! my spirit pines
For the river, the trees, and the forest vines.

Anon. ("The City").

October thirtieth

As the lifewarm helianthus leans to brightness from
above,
So a woman's deep existence turns to him who speaks of
love—
Turns to him who softly whispers words almost too low
to hear;
But she knows the meaning-words are ne'er too low for
woman's ear;
Meaning never is too hidden for the wisdom of her
heart—
To interpret love unspoken is a woman's native art.

Hu Maxwell ("The Bandit's Bride").

Southern Poets

October thirty-first

What a brave splendor
In the October air! How rich and clear,
And bracing and all-joyous! We must render
Love to the spring-time, with its sproutings
As to a child quite dear;
But autumn is a thing of perfect glory,
A manhood not yet hoary.

A strong joy fills
(A joy beyond the tongue's expressive power)
My heart in autumn weather fills and thrills!
And I would rather stalk the breezy hills,
Descending to my bower
Nightly, by the sweet spirit of Peace attended,
Than pine where life is splendid.

Philip P. Cooke ("Life in the Autumn Woods").

November first

Landward, rise the moss-veiled trees;
And they wail, the while they sway
In the sad November breeze.

Father Ryan ("Sea Rest").

A Year Book of

November second

“Love is such living, Sweet;”
Thus I dreamed in my dream;
“Each unto each complete,
Stars in a lustral stream,
That the waves move to meet,
Love is such living, Sweet.”

A. H. Rutledge (“Revelation”).

November third

The wintry wind is shrieking
Like some wild thing in wrath,
And snaps the hoary beechen-boughs,
And stamps them in their path.

Margaret J. Preston (“Rosalie”).

November fourth

His thoughts went forth like Emperors, and all
His words arrayed themselves around them like
Imperial guards.

James B. Hope (“A Friend of Mine”).

Southern Poets

November fifth

From West to East, from wood to wood, along the
forest side,
The winds—the sowers of the Lord,—with thunderous
footsteps stride;
Their stormy hands rain acorns down; and mad leaves
wildly dyed,
Like tatters of their rushing cloaks, stream round them
far and wide.

Madison Cawein ("Sunset in Autumn").

November sixth

Yet out of the shackles of error
Throbs forth the imperious will,
And darkness is shorn of its terror,
Though life be a battle-ground still.
What though every meadow be sterile?
What though every pathway be rough?
Faith gleams through the loss and the peril
And Faith is enough.

Barton Gray ("Expectans Expectavi").

A Year Book of

November seventh

There's many a thought I may not tell,
Hidden beneath the heart's deep swell;
There's many a sweet and tender sigh
Breathed out when only God is nigh;
And each familiar thing I see
Is blended with the thought of thee.

Anon. ("To —").

November eighth

The fir-tree felt it with a thrill
And murmur of content;
The last dead leaf its cable slipt
And from its moorings went;
The self-same silent messenger
To one the shibboleth
Of Life imparting, and to one
The countersign of death.

John B. Tabb ("The First Snow-Fall").

Southern Poets

November ninth

Now, with wild and wintry roar,
Stalwart Winter comes once more,—
O'er our roof-tree thunders loud,
And from edges of black cloud
Shakes his beard of hoary gold,
Like a tangled torrent rolled
Down the sky-rifts, clear and cold.

Paul H. Hayne ("Welcome to Winter").

November tenth

Ho! thou who thirsteth, who, with longing vision,
Lifteth tear-dimmed eyes to glowing west,
Where dying day hath set a crimson jewel
To shine upon the evening's throbbing breast—
There cometh rest, His promised rest.

Annah R. Watson ("The Promise").

A Year Book of

November eleventh

The night is wild, but sweet to me
The uncertain music that it brings;
And o'er the darkly heaving sea
I hear the rushing might of wings:
That wailing wo that seems to brood
Along the bosom of the deep
Wakes in my soul a kindred mood,
And I must watch and may not sleep.

William G. Simms ("Stanzas at Sea").

November twelfth

Life's wasting—but ye still shine on,
And seem to me to be
The light upon the horizon
Of Eternity's black sea!—
Pointing to the sunlit far off west,
Where all immortal spirits rest.

D. Martin ("Hymn to the Stars").

Southern Poets

November thirteenth

Grant that Thy Spirit like a mighty wind
Blow through my mind and kindle it to flame,
Until my radiant thoughts shall mount like Seraphs,
Choiring Thy glory unto heaven and earth.

Amélie Rives ("Augustine the Man").

November fourteenth

I have come back to my first love, to my constant love,
the sea ;
To the beautiful face and the ceaseless voice of music
and mystery ;
From the weary wastes of the inland ways, from the
homes and haunts of pain
I have brought a tired life back to lay it down on her
shrine again.

James Lindsay Gordon ("A True Love").

A Year Book of

November fifteenth

Hark! how the wintry tempest raves
Along the frozen plain—
Dark, dark the lowering clouds above,
And fast descends the rain.

But, lady! now a deeper gloom
Surrounds thy lover's soul,
And wilder floods of grief and wo
Around his spirit roll.

James A. Bartley ("Stanzas").

November sixteenth

Thou art no aimless drift from wreck of ocean,
Upon the shore, unconscious, idly cast—
Thou art inheritor of primal forces;
To-day holds in solution all the past.

Annah R. Watson ("Heredity").

Southern Poets

November seventeenth

For him there is no death,
Only the stopping of the pulse and breath—
But simple breath is not the all in all;
Man hath it but in common with the brutes—
Life is in action and in brave pursuits!
By what we dream, and having dreamt, dare do,
We hold our places in the world's large view,
And still have part in the affairs of men

When the long sleep is on us.

James B. Hope ("To Alexander Galt, the Sculptor").

November eighteenth

Oh! hopes that die, and griefs that live,
And joys that life will never give;
Shadows, that fall from light unseen,
So dark, we stumbling walk between—

Hence, hence away—

Leave me to pray

Requiescat.

Margaret I. Weber ("Requiescat").

A Year Book of

November nineteenth

The winds are piping shrilly
Above the trembling tree;
Before their fingers chilly
The frightened leaflets flee;
One longing look behind them, cast upon the branches
bare,
And on they wildly flutter, the exiles of the air.

Samuel Minturn Peck ("The Fugitives").

November twentieth

Tell me, oh life, in the rush of your wave,
If the tide ebbs on when over the grave,
With a rhythm like this we find on the earth—
A sigh or a song sung from our birth—
The saddest when old, the sweetest when young—
The song of the heart that sorrow has wrung?

Samuel H. Newberry ("Tell Me, Oh Life").

Southern Poets

November twenty-first

Out of the wild hurly-burly,
Over the wide stretching miles,
Out of the wrack of the storm-beaten seas,
Into a harbor of smiles—
Into a haven of necklacing arms—
Out of life's tears and smart,
Into the shine of your true blue eyes,
Heart o' my love-lorn heart!

Judd Mortimer Lewis ("The Haven").

November twenty-second

The sparkling of fountains—the glow of the rill—
The shadows that rest on the breast of the hill—
The gay wreaths of light, that the wild billows ride,
All owe to my magic their glory and pride.

Anon. ("The Sunbeam").

A Year Book of

November twenty-third

Well hides the violet in the wood:
The dead leaf wrinkles her a hood,
The winter's ill violet's good.

Sidney Lanier ("Betrayed").

November twenty-fourth

Life, faithless and treacherous is ever presenting
To our view flying phantoms we never can gain;
Life, cruel and tasteless, is forever preventing
All our joys, and involving all our pleasures in pain.

Richard Dabney ("An Epigram Imitated from Archias").

November twenty-fifth

Though still enchanting hues are spread
Along yon woody crest—
'Tis but to mind us of the dead—
The summer—gone to rest!
And well they serve, by zephyrs tossed
That whisper of departed bloom,
To show how Nature loved the lost—
To be the garlands of the tomb.

Charles Wood ("In Autumn").

Southern Poets

November twenty-sixth

The calm is sweet when storms are gone;
The darkness ushers in the dawn,
The tempest purifies the air,
Hope comes sweetest in despair.

Feeble though its rays may be,
Still it shines for thee and me,
When through the gates of death and pain
Our soul remounts to life again.

Duval Porter ("The Great Beyond").

November twenty-seventh

How the feelings sear the sunshine!
How the feelings glad the gloom!
'Tis the heart that holds our pleasure,
And the heart that holds our doom.
'Tis in day, or 'tis in darkness,
That our lives forever fly,
And just as the heart-world wills it,
So the moments live and die.

Josie F. Cappleman ("Heart Power").

A Year Book of

November twenty-eighth

His greatness might have blossomed all unseen,
Unrecognized, save in the narrow view
Of home, had not the tumult of the time,
And sore calamity of common weal,
Called him to action on a stage sublime,
And to his life affixed the enduring seal.

*John R. Thompson ("In Remembrance of
George Wythe Randolph").*

November twenty-ninth

Hail, Liberty! thou boon which all men crave,
More precious far than life or crowns of gold;
Thou ne'er on earth hadst found an early grave,
If Thought's free range had not been first controlled.

Sidney Dyer ("The Pleasures of Thought").

Southern Poets

November thirtieth

Each bush, and every humble shrub, with precious stones
is strung,
And all the sweetest, brightest things, by handfuls
round are flung;
The em'erald! and the amethyst! the topazes! behold!
And here and there a ruby red, is sparkling in the cold.

The beech tree stands in rich array of long and shining
threads,
Its brittle boughs all bending low to earth their droop-
ing heads,
And now and then some broken limb comes crashing
from on high,
And showering down a world of gems that sparkle as
they fly.

Carter Landon ("The Sleet").

A Year Book of

December first

All the land lies muffled in snow,
The steady north winds heavily blow.
The tops of the oaks are lost in the sky,
The drooping cedars bend to the ground,
The rose-bush is drifting into a mound,
And still from the somber clouds without sound
The white flakes whirling fly.

J. H. Boner ("Christmas Eve in the Country").

December second

An angel flew from the upper band,
He brushed by the son of Mars,
He held all close in his royal hand,
A crown of sapphire stars.

A glad smile lit St. Peter's face
As he shut the gold gates down.
"Take the hero," he said, "to the warrior's place,
But give to the woman the crown."

Kil Courtland ("Hero and Nun").

Southern Poets

December third

Now while the rear-guard of the flying year,
Rugged December, on the season's verge
Marshals his pale days to the mournful dirge
Of muffled winds in far off forests drear,
Good friend! turn with me to our in-door cheer;
Draw near; the huge flames roar upon the hearth,
And this shy sparkler is of subtlest birth,
And a rich vintage, poet souls hold dear;
Mark how the sweet rogue woos us! Sit thee down,
And we will quaff and quaff and drink our fill,
Topping the spirits with a Bacchanal crown,
Till the funeral blasts shall wail no more,
But silver-throated clarions seem to thrill,
And shouts of triumph peal along the shore.

Paul H. Hayne ("Now While the Rear-Guard").

December fourth

Give me a little space,
Lord of my life, to see
The tender sweetness of thy face;
And suffer in this darksome place
One gleam of light to be.

Mary Bradley ("In Darkness").

A Year Book of

December fifth

Elves and fairies weep and moan;
Wail, sweet Autumn, to the wind!
Brownies of the woodland groan,
With sad fingers intertwined.
Duller wax her brilliant dyes,
Dimmer wane her dying eyes,
Breathless now her body lies,
Strewn with roses overblown.

Samuel Minturn Peck ("The Death of Autumn").

December sixth

When calm the night, and the stars shine bright,
The sleigh glides smooth and cheerily;
And mirth and jest abound,
While all is still around,
Save the horses' trampling sound
And the horse-bells tinkling merrily.

John Shaw ("Sleighbing Song").

Southern Poets

December seventh

The earth is old, and gray the hairs of time
Have grown since erst the journeying Sages came
From the far East, and on the strange quest sublime,
Star-led to Bethlehem.

Barton Gray ("Last Days").

December eighth

The gentle rose-bud opening fair,
Begins to show its lively hue,
And sweetens the surrounding air
Refreshed, by morning's early dew.
Thus in the opening of our days,
Religion should our youth adorn,
And Virtue and her lovely ways
With heavenly dews refresh our morn.

Anon. ("Rose's Moral").

A Year Book of

December ninth

Day's dying ray
Kindles the western mountains far away,
And Faith stands sentry by the Shadowy Door.
A. H. Rutledge ("The Western Way").

December tenth

Through the open door I turn my face to seaward,
When morning winds across the waters blow:
The singing bird is flying far to leeward,
Just as hope left me in the long ago—
A hope that once has gone can come back never
The chain is broken that no hand can mend:
Her hand can rest in mine no more forever
That wrote "Your Little Sweetheart" at the end.
James Lindsay Gordon ("Over an Old Letter").

Southern Poets

December eleventh

The sportive hopes that used to chase
Their shifting shadows on,
Like children playing in the sun
Are gone—forever gone;
And on a careless sullen peace,
My double-fronted mind,
Like Janus when his gates were shut
Looks forward and behind.

Edward Coate Pinkney ("A Picture Song").

December twelfth

When tatter'd poor folk meet your eyes,
Think, friend, like Christian, in this wise,
Each one is Christ hid in disguise.

James B. Hope ("A Short Sermon").

A Year Book of

December thirteenth

An aimless living were but life ill spent;
But that which finds some duty every day
Accomplished, howe'er so small or mean,
Has not alone done all that he had meant
Within the act, but lent a part to sway
The world-controlling providence unseen.

Robert Whittet ("Living to Purpose").

December fourteenth

It is not Day—it is not Night—
'Tis something lovelier far than all;
When weird-winds weave a tune more light,
And flower-scents tinkle as they fall,
And eyes unnumber'd wildly glance
Through air, like gleams of young Romance.

The angel that unbars the gate
Of Night, stands wondering on yon hill,
Nor lets the burning stars, that wait
His bidding, march the skies until
His soul hath drunk the sound and sight
Of Earth and Heaven's sweet troth-pledge.

David R. Arnell ("Twilight").

Southern Poets

December fifteenth

Plans fail or prosper, empires rise or fall,
And men like chasing shadows, come and go ;
Hopes bloom or wither, change creeps over all,
And still with noiseless and unbroken flow
The constant years move on, as tireless feet
Of faithful sentinels keep ceaseless beat.

Fannie H. Marr ("The Years").

December sixteenth

With Sodom apples fill your harvest bin ;
Barter heart's wealth for gold in Fashion's mart ;
Traverse rough seas some distant point to win,
Without a chart.

Fray the fine cord of Love until it break ;
Launch the pirogue before the storm abate ;
Tease the prone sleeping Perii till it wake :—
Then rail at Fate !

Danske Dandridge ("Fate").

A Year Book of

December seventeenth

Sometimes two lives that have lived apart
Will strangely touch on some summer day;
Then after a time, again diverge,
Each going its sorrowful, self-same way.

Josie F. Cappleman ("Destiny").

December eighteenth

There lives in the bosom a feeling sublime;
Of all, 'tis the strongest tie;
Unvarying through every change of time,
And only with life does it die.
'Tis the love that is borne for that lovely land,
That smiled on the hour of our birth;
'Tis the love that is planted by nature's hand,
For our sacred native earth.
'Twas this that the patriot victor inspired,
Was strong in the strength of his arm,
With the holiest zeal his brave bosom fired,
And to danger and to death gave a charm.
'Twas this that the dying hero blest,
And hallow'd the hour when he fell,
That throb'd in the final throb of his breast,
And heaved in his bosom's last swell.

Richard Dabney ("The Hero of the West").

Southern Poets

December nineteenth

I dream of thee, beloved one,
When the moon comes over the sea,
And hangs her horns of silver,
In yonder forest tree!
I wake from out my slumber,
I think I hear thy voice,
It fills my list'ning spirit,
It makes my soul rejoice.

James A. Bartley ("To the Beloved").

December twentieth

Where the yellow leaves as they float to earth
In the autumn time—when the frost has birth—
Alight on the turf with a rustling sound,
As the waters make in their pebbly bound;
Or the chirping sound of dissolving snow,
As it runs in a gush 'neath the sun's red glow;
There's Nature's music—and her harp doth here
Peal out on the sense with its liveliest air;
While its chords for another note is strung,
For the songs of the earth that are yet unsung.

Thomas Semmes ("Nature's Music").

A Year Book of

December twenty-first

Swiftly speed o'er the waves of time,
 Spirit of Death ;
In manhood's home, in youthful prime,
 I was thy breath.
For the fading hues of hope are fled,
 Like the dolphin's light ;
And dark are the clouds above my head,
 As the starless night.
Oh, vainly the voyager sighs for the rest
 Of the peaceful haven,—
The pilgrim saint for the homes of the blest,
 And the calm of heaven ;
And galley-slave for the night-wind's breath,
 At burning noon ;
But more gladly I'd spring to thy arms, O Death,
 Come soon, come soon !

Alexander K. McClung ("Ode to Death").

Southern Poets

December twenty-second

I love to view the mountain tall
From firm fix'd base rear high its head,
And brave the storms that on it fall,
Nor the rude shocks of nature dread;
It tells me of the Noble Mind,
That 'mid life's storms, calm and sedate,
In its own sterling worth enshrin'd,
Can bear the rudest shock of Fate!

Anon. ("Things I Love").

December twenty-third

In wreaths and garlands on the walls
The holly hung its ruby balls,
The mistletoe its pearls.

Henry Timrod ("Our Willie").

A Year Book of

December twenty-fourth

Hearts are joyous, cheerful;
Faces all are gay;
None are sad and tearful
On bright Christmas day.

Father Ryan ("A Christmas Chant").

December twenty-fifth

The dear Twenty-Fifth of December,
The festival fullest of joy,
Most precious for age to remember,
Most merry for maiden and boy,—
Comes again with its promise to gladden,
Comes again with its prodigal cheer,
To banish whatever may sadden
The lingering days of the year.

Margaret J. Preston ("The By-Gone").

Southern Poets

December twenty-sixth

Den pile on de light 'ood en set roun' de fire,
(Crismus times is come,)

Rosum up de ole bow and chune de banjer higher,
(Crismus times is come,)

Dere's no mo' cooning ob de log in de night,
(Crismus times is come,)

O glory to de lam' for de hallyluyer light,
(Crismus times is come,)

De Crismus possom am a-bakin' mighty snug,
So han' aroun' de tumbler en de little yaller jug
Wid de co'n-cob stopper, en de honey in de bowl,
An' aglory hallyluyer en a-bless yo' soul.

J. H. Boner ("Crismus Times is Come").

A Year Book of

December twenty-seventh

When the angels with their chanting
Roused the startled shepherd throng,
'Twas the message of the Christ-child,
Lent the gladness to their song.
"Love," they sang, "divine, compelling,
Self-surrendered, Heaven unsealed—
All the mystery celestial
By the Christ-child now revealed."

Annah R. Watson ("A Little Stranger").

December twenty-eighth

The year is almost gone; the falling leaf,
Yellow and sere, flies far on every blast;
Spring flower, and summer fruit, and autumn sheaf
Gathered—its bright and beautiful are past.

William J. Grayson ("Threescore Years and Seven").

Southern Poets

December twenty-ninth

Behold before the wintry gale,
Across the sea of Night,
How many a fragrant blossom-sail
Comes drifting to the light!
Whence are they? Who hath piloted
Their journey from afar?
The self-same miracle that led
The Magi and the Star.

John B. Tabb ("From the Under-ground").

December thirtieth

With failing breath
The old year dying lifts once more
His voice. Hark! Ah, 'tis but to tell
The pale watch of the night farewell.

J. H. Boner ("Watch-Meeting").

December thirty-first

Art thou not glad to close
Thy wearied eyes, O saddest child of Time,
Eyes which have looked on every mortal crime,
And swept the piteous round of mortal woes?

Henry Timrod ("Address to the Old Year").

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